A FORMULA FOR MONEY-MAKING—By Thomas W. Lawson

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin
Volume 174, No. 2
Philadelphia, July 13, 1901
Five Cents the Copy
Copyright, 1901, by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain.
Published Weekly at 421 Arch St.
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second Class Matter.

The American Invasion—By Kenric B. Murray Secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

Catalogue of Latest Models for a Stamp.

SMITH & WESSON

35 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

EXAMINE

The Shade Roller

before buying, and if it does NOT contain the autograph of Stewart Hartshorn on label, refuse it, because sooner or later it is bound to give you trouble. If you want the best shade roller—one that is *guaranteed not to give trouble*—insist on having the improved

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

Perfectly constructed of the best materials, on simple mechanical principles, the genuine Hartshorn Shade Roller is an assurance against time, worry, trouble. It can always be depended upon, because it has quality, strength and durability.

Look for autograph signature on label of *Stewart Hartshorn*

No tacks required to attach the shade

AVOID IMITATIONS

WOOD ROLLERS TIN ROLLERS

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

The Niagara Falls Route.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

New York, Boston, Eastern Resorts.

Reduced Rates. Stopover on Through Tickets

"Pan-American Souvenir," "A Summer Note Book" and other booklets sent for 2c. postage.

O. W. Ruggles, Gen. Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., Chicago

New Buggy, $25.50

(With Top $32.00.) We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, all latest styles. Superior quality. Prices defy competition. The entire product of two enormous factories. Sold direct to the consumer only. Saves Dealers' Profit. Sent on approval. Your money back if not satisfied. Write immediately for SPECIAL OFFER.

UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book, finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. *Sample copy free.*

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

A Word from the Editor

READERS of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who desire to renew their subscriptions are urged to do so at least two weeks before the expiration of the old subscription. This is the only way in which one may be sure of receiving the magazine without a break. Subscriptions received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following; if received after that day, they will commence one week later.

In the case of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST prompt renewal is especially desirable because the entire edition of the magazine is exhausted every week, and it is impossible to supply back numbers. The mailing label on your magazine bears the expiration date, and if anticipated by a fortnight it is a safe guide in renewing your subscription.

SUMMER issues of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be unusually interesting and attractive. Some of the most entertaining stories received during the past twelvemonth have been reserved for the special purpose of making these numbers good summer reading.

DURING the summer months no number will contain less than sixteen pages, the standard size of the magazine, and beginning in the early autumn double numbers will appear with the same frequency as in the past. New color presses, built especially for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will enable us to present frequent colored covers of exceptional beauty and workmanship.

INCREASED mechanical facilities will enable the publishers to reduce by nearly a week the time hitherto required for the manufacture of the magazine. In other words, the date of going to press will be one week nearer to the day on which the magazine is delivered to the reader.

The reader is the gainer by this change, for the new arrangement will permit a much greater degree of timeliness than has heretofore been possible. It is likely that, for a time, at least, this change will necessitate the delivery of the magazine to readers on Friday, instead of on Thursday as formerly.

NEW features, new departments, new ideas now under consideration promise to make the autumn numbers of the POST stronger and brighter than ever. Articles on business and politics, which have ever held a leading place in the magazine, will be increasingly important. In a word, a judicious combination of pains, brains and money will, we hope, make THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the most attractive and progressive weekly magazine in the field.

In your Room.
Wash delicate things – handkerchiefs, laces, doilies etc. (things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash.) in Pearline's way, viz: Soak, rinse, squeeze – directions on each packet. Spread smoothly while wet, on a mirror or window pane. When dry they require no ironing. Grand advice for bachelors, maidens, boarders and hotel guests, and for fabrics too delicate and valuable to risk to others' hands. Pearline is trust-worthy for washing and cleaning where-ever water can be used.
Avoid Imitations

THE
ANGLE LAMP
Never shone to greater advantage than during the warmer months. Its brilliancy, combined with
LITTLE HEAT
makes it ideal. Many summer homes are equipped with it throughout. It never smokes, smells or gets out of order, and burns but eighteen cents' worth of oil per month. Send for our Catalog K, showing all styles from $1.80 up.
THE ANGLE LAMP CO., 36 Park Place, New York
The light that never fails

THE LOZIER

The three handsomest and most elaborate engine and boat catalogs ever published sent free upon request.

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES

The Lozier Motor Co.

20 Water Street

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

ALL THE GREAT RESORTS

Are reached by the

New York Central Lines

And their connections.

You will get a deal of valuable information in regard to the great resorts of America and how best to reach them from the now famous

"Four Track Series"

the New York Central's Books of travel and education.

An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

PURE! DELICIOUS!!

Bonbons, Chocolates

Huyler's

863 BROADWAY.

150 BROADWAY. 21 W. 42ND ST. NEW YORK.

LARGE VARIETY OF FANCY BOXES & BASKETS suitable for PRESENTS.

Candies Sent Everywhere by Mail or Express

Huyler's COCOA & CHOCOLATES.

QUALITY UNEXCELLED! GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS

IS FURNISHED BY THE

Victor Instantaneous Water Heater

Is ready for use night or day; furnishes hot water instantly for bathing, shaving, sickness, and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. Uses gas or gasoline. Ask your dealers for it, or send for free catalogue.

W. J. ADAM, Joliet, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY Stenography, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc. thoroughly taught at EASTMAN. Positions obtained for graduates. CATALOGUE FREE. Address

C. C. GAINES, President, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The American Invasion

By Henric B. Murray

Secretary of the
London Chamber of Commerce

Yankee Methods and English Merchants

THANKS to the publicity and ramifications of the daily press, nothing of importance passes unnoticed nowadays. Of late some excitement has been observable in connection with reports as to new developments of foreign capital activity in Great Britain. Mr. Pierpont Morgan having purchased various metallurgic establishments in the United States of America, including those of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and converted them into a Steel Trust, is credited with aiming at the organization of a steamship service which will enable him to dispose of his surplus production in European markets at minimum cost. This operation, which is believed to be strongly supported financially from New York, has directed attention to American export activity generally.

For the present the movement does not amount to much, but it may contain the elements of larger and more systematized operations, and as such is worthy of consideration. American enterprise in London is nothing new. The leading insurance companies are familiar friends. The typewriting machine vendors are already so well known that it is not surprising to learn that they secure higher prices for their wares in the English market than at home. The Maxim-Nordenfeldt Company is, among others, an enterprise run on British capital by American brains. The recently formed Westinghouse Company is one of a similar order. Mr. Yerkes' scheme for another electric underground railway in London (now authorized) is also a mixed combination, and so are two syndicates in the building trade which are being talked about just now. The American provision, canned-goods and fruit firms have been so long established in London either directly, or through recognized agents, that they form a familiar friend. It is then, apparently, the new departure into the shipping industry of the Pierpont Morgan combination which has mainly roused public attention. The operation appears to have been confined to the purchase of a controlling interest in the Leyland Line. It is probably the first time that a large producing concern has attempted to provide its own transport. But it is mainly the direct incursion into European markets thereby implied which seems to have concentrated commercial attention on the scheme, and given it its expressive title of "American Invasion." This is the position on which I have been asked to express my views.

BENEFITS OF AMERICAN COMPETITION

I am strongly of opinion that the increasing investment of American capital in this country will be productive of good rather than harm, and that such investment should be encouraged rather than otherwise. Apart from the inevitable, as contained in the theory of the survival of the fittest, I am disposed to believe that the indirect effect of the application of American capital, in competition with British enterprises in our own market, will be productive of future as well as immediate benefit to ourselves, concurrently with advantage to our enterprising cousins across the herring pond. The indirect effect on ourselves from which good results will accrue will be the awakening which must follow, and the greater willingness to compete and to adapt which will result.

Although in almost daily touch with many of the chief branches of the commerce of this country, I can detect no real sign of that degeneration of which our would-be friends and our enemies are fond of asserting to be already spreading as a dry rot throughout the British nation and character. Such faults of omission and commission as can be undoubtedly laid to our door are, I believe, attributable to a single cause, viz., to our great prosperity and to our undoubted wealth. When a firm or an individual has reached that point in its career (which at some time is attained by every successful trader) when considerable profits have been amassed, then that firm or individual becomes less disposed than formerly to take up risky business, even when a large profit is one of the possible contingencies. The mere fact that there is a "risk," which in trade parlance means a contingent loss, is reason sufficient for such houses to refuse business. Experience has proved that a sufficient quantity of fairly "safe" undertakings may be relied upon to be forthcoming to employ the whole of their capital at the maximum rate of profit at a minimum of risk. Who can blame such houses for accepting the "safe" and rejecting the "risky" contracts even though some ultimate softening of the national or trade character should ensue?

THE SELFISHNESS OF TRADE

It must not be forgotten, when criticising the apparent indisposition of British trade to run risks, in comparison with the willingness of the Elizabethan and subsequent capitalists to embark their all in over-sea adventures, that the primary function of a trader is to secure a profit. A trader is not a patriot. He is a person working wholly for his own selfish or individual benefit. If, therefore, he sees his way to obtain a large or moderately large return on his capital with a minimum of risk, he cannot be blamed; on the contrary, he is clearly doing right as a man of business, if he can and does secure that profit at a minimum risk.

What is right in the case of a single trader must be equally laudable in the case of the entire commercial community. If, therefore, it becomes a practice among traders to give a preference to "safe" business, and there is a sufficiently large volume of business of that character to keep their collective capital remuneratively occupied, then surely it is right for them to select the best and to reject the worst risks in trade.

As a matter of fact this is just what has happened of late years in the competition which German enterprise has brought to bear against the so-called conservatism of English trade methods. British Consuls called to account by commercial opinion (wrongly, I think, in most cases, for Consuls no more than others can be experts in all branches) for not giving as good or as recent reports as those supplied not by but through the consular service of other countries, have retaliated by blaming the English manufacturer, and, among other things, for not sending out travelers instead of circulars, and for not giving credit as long as his customers desired or as his German competitor was believed to be willing to grant. The English dealer declined to comply with this and other requirements, because they would have deprived him of the profit which it was his object to effect. When that profit, from any of these causes or demands, became reduced beyond what he considered a right and safe scale, he was quite willing that Mr. Foreign Competitor should step in and secure the business which he did not consider good enough for himself.

What has been the result? After ten or fifteen years of competitive trade of this character Germany has landed herself in a serious commercial crisis. The very banks which fostered and discounted the long credits which our merchants declined to concede have become involved. Production in most branches is most seriously checked and the Germans are learning the practical lesson in the school of adversity, that small profits and long credits make bad returns.

THE LEADERSHIP OF LONDON

It is generally contended that when either a nation or an individual reaches that stage of prosperity at which it becomes possible for it, or for him, to select the best business and to decline the less profitable, that that position is not in itself an indication of want of enteprise or deterioration of character. It rather proves, by the test of actual result, by hard fact, that national or individual reputation has risen so high that the very best business is brought and submitted for its acceptance. That I believe to be the position of this country at the present moment. Whatever is best and most remunerative in mining, manufacturing, shipping, supply, concessions, finance, loans, or other operations, the entire world over, is brought to London in the first instance. London, I believe, receives the first offer, and the option of refusal, of all business that is most valuable and profitable from all parts of the universe. This fact is recognized in business circles of all countries, and that is, I believe, mainly why our American cousins are seeking to have a "look in" to a market which is larger, freer, and less restricted in all ways than their own.

Now this status of the London market constitutes a national position of enormous strength. It forms an asset of priceless value. There is fashion and habit in trade, as in all else. History records proof of this fact. We know how, in the past, the acknowledged centres of trade have altered and been gradually deflected from one country to another. And with such deflection the prosperity of the interested state waned and departed. We know that history repeats itself, and that natural causes alone will not assist London to remain the centre of Imperial trade forever. Fate helps only those who help themselves.

DISREGARDING NATIONAL INTERESTS

I have explained, above, at some length, the operation of the law of minimum risks and maximum profits, because I believe it contains, if too absolutely and exclusively adhered to, the elements of future national danger. This danger is the greater because the individual trader cannot be expected to, and as a matter of fact will not, sacrifice any portion of individual profit in favor of national interests. This again is a law of human nature.

A single illustration, selected intentionally and admittedly, as an extreme one, will suffice. It is considered perfectly legitimate for manufacturers of, or dealers in, material of war to sell their goods outside their own country. This practice prevails, not only at home, but abroad also. It thus recognizes the right of individuals to derive a personal profit from an operation which, any day, may effect a national prejudice, or which may even create a situation of extreme national danger and disaster. This economic result is the natural outcome of the theory that private initiative must reign supreme and that state interference is to be discarded. My own opinion as a free trader is that we have carried the theory of state non-intervention so far that it occasionally becomes absolute state obstruction against ourselves in favor of the foreign competitor. But if space permits I will deal with that point later.

Meanwhile I desire to call attention to the difference between English and American methods of business as affecting the national rather than individual interests. For it is clear that the state will survive and flourish which conducts its operations in the interests of the nation rather than of the individual. If this be so, and it be recognized that such a law exists, it is clear that the fundamental basis of individualism in trade which prevails and operates in Britain is dangerous, and will not secure the ultimate or continued predominance of British enterprise unless directed from a higher national standpoint than that of mere individual profit.

THE NEED FOR BETTER EDUCATION

Now, in the economic sense, national aims may be realized in combination with profit earning, in a variety of ways. Education, surely, is a desideratum both from a moral and a business point of view. Does any one contend to-day that the British people, in its four branches of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh, is educationally perfect? Is it possible for the British nation to derive greater benefit as a state from a more perfect and higher-toned system of education, from

board school to university, and including that scientific training which must follow and be completed in the interest of a country which is primarily industrial? Is any well-informed person to-day satisfied that our system of commercial and scientific education in this country is what it should be in relation to tuition in other states?

The Empire of Germany has risen from under the tyrannical heel of the first Napoleon to be, by force of education, the first and most powerful nation of continental Europe, and yet we heed not. Republican America has risen by means of free internal trade, and above all by means of free state education right up to and including free university training, to be the first nation of the West, and yet we heed not. What cataclysm will be necessary to open our eyes to the national and state value of effective education? We pay and squander hundreds of thousands of pounds of good money yearly on an incomplete and disconnected system of tuition. When shall we cry halt, and demand value for our money?

The acknowledged waste in hard cash, and worse still in national time, in regard to matters educational directs attention to needless waste in other directions. We are a wasteful nation. We go on annually incurring unproductive expenditure, and unproductive expenditure will, like other sins, bring its punishment in this world. Waste is not only criminal, but it is unbusinesslike and stupid. Yet in how many directions do we not, as a nation of shopkeepers, continue systematically, blindly, conservatively wasteful!

Take, as an instance, our boasted, and on the whole beneficial, system of limited liability legislation. Few persons will concede more willingly than I the benefits which this country has derived, financially, industrially and generally, from the profits made by and distributed to all classes of the investing and commercial public under these acts. They have enabled all persons who were inclined to submit to the self-denying process of saving a few pounds to participate in enterprises which otherwise would have been hopelessly outside their reach. Any one who could economize a £5, or a £10, or a £100 note has been able to secure a proportional share of profit in some of the best industrial enterprises of the country. Moreover, the variety of undertakings of high class has been so great that no one need run the risk of placing his investment eggs too exclusively in one basket. From the investors' point of view, therefore, the acts have proved of inestimable value, and I attach little importance to the majority of the complaints against them.

But now I am not satisfied that the Liability Acts present quite the best system for concentrating capital on the largest enterprises. As worked, and as placed upon the market under accepted methods, companies formed under these acts encourage or develop two grave defects: over-capitalization and a concentration of control which does not always make for efficiency.

Editor's Note—The second and concluding paper on The American Invasion will appear in the issue of next week.

The Love Affairs of Patricia—I Try to Amuse Cousin George—By Lilian Quiller-Couch

"I am going to eat strawberries this afternoon," he said firmly

"IT ALL depends upon what you mean by 'simple pleasures,'" I said aggressively as I tipped the ground with my shoe-toe and set my hammock swinging.

I had been telling my cousin Letitia that I had promised Aunt Theresa to help her amuse Cousin George when he came down to stay (Cousin George had come; I had endeavored to do my best; and Letitia seemed to need the explanation). And Letitia had retorted that people should not come down to the country if they needed to be amused; they should be content with the simple pleasures which the country provided.

"By 'simple pleasures,'" said Letitia coldly, "I mean—well—our little village concerts, and flower-shows, and—and——"

"Sunday-school treats," I suggested.

"Yes; Sunday-school treats," said Letitia defiantly.

She, herself, after a heating morning in the Vicarage meadow, superintending the arrangement of tables and forms in the eye of the sun, for the convenience of such scholars as at tea-time should not already have succumbed to apoplexy, was now arrayed in a sensibly short white frock, preparatory to starting off in half an hour's time for the 'treat' proper ('treat' eminently proper, it promised to be).

"Now, by 'simple pleasures' I," I explained, "mean something—I won't say simpler—but—but different."

"Such as——?" queried Letitia, with a hauteur which took for granted my inability to "give it a name" as Cousin George would say.

"Such as—well, just lying in a hammock—within easy distance of the strawberry garden—talking to some one——"

Letitia's lips straightened. "Some *one*, I can well believe," she commented with asperity.

"Yes," I agreed placidly. "'The time, and the place, and the loved one all together,' so to speak." Then in my gentlest astonishment I looked up at her. "Had *you*," I asked, "been wishing for an interruption to our *tête-à-tête*?"

Letitia bit the lips she had just straightened; then she looked away across the lawn and grew a little angry with me. Then I looked away across the lawn. Three figures were coming toward us from the house. I ignored them and fixed my attention on Letitia, who disliked it at the moment.

"On the whole," I added, "I do consider my list of pleasures the simpler—less arrangement—less publicity—less straining after effect."

"There may not be much 'arrangement,' or 'strain' (*I* should call it more 'natural disposition'), and I admit the absence of 'publicity,' about your 'simple pleasures,' but there is plenty of 'effect,'" said Letitia severely.

I thought it best merely to sigh delicately. It seemed to take the place of a remark: at least it annoyed Letitia equally.

"Surely," she continued, "it is rather selfish to spend one's whole time and strength on the amusement of a single person."

"Oh, they needn't always be single," I assured her.

"H'm," remarked Letitia grimly.

"They often are," I admitted, with another sigh. "But," I added deprecatingly, "they don't seem to wish to be."

"There are many fools in the world," snapped Letitia.

"Oh, many," I agreed pleasantly.

"It doesn't alter the fact," she continued, "that it is selfish to waste all your attention on one person; and" (Letitia, growing very conscious of the approaching figures, at this moment went off at a tangent) "I should scarcely call your *tête-à-têtes* '*simple pleasures*,'" she flung as a last missile.

"Perhaps you are right," I agreed, with, perhaps, exaggerated melancholy. And how was I to know that Letitia would take that as personal!

When the three approaching figures were keeping the sun off me by their presence I left off ignoring them, and looking up saw Cousin George, the Curate, and Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Of Cousin George and the Curate I had seen a good deal for some days past—the face of the one and the back of the other. (Letitia, being three months my senior, takes precedence.) Mr. Featherstone-Hope, it seemed, had just come down from town. He seemed to have been suffering from an epidemic of coming down from town for the past ten days. (I had been just eleven days with Aunt Theresa.)

"Why do you come here?" I asked him reproachfully; "here into our peaceful, blameless, country life; bringing with you the smoke and grime of cities?"

"Only one city," he protested, "and I'm quite clean."

"I," I murmured to the scenery in general, "have lived in London myself, and I have, at intervals, looked at myself in the glass" (a unanimous ejaculation from my companions seemed to imply that they could believe me); "and it is my firm conviction," I continued solemnly, "that I shall never be white and clean again till I reach the next world."

"You take a great deal for granted with regard to your future state," remarked Letitia with severity.

"I have always been taught that fire is a great purifier," I explained humbly.

The face of the Curate, I found, was more interesting than his back; at the moment it was a cinematograph of emotions.

"We have been talking, Cousin Letitia and I," I remarked, when the young man's tinting had returned to the normal, "about simple pleasures; and whether traveled persons, and persons down from town, and suchlike, could be contented with our little village gayeties." Cousin George looked one complete whole of eager contentment. Mr. Featherstone-Hope eyed me doubtfully. The Curate glanced at Letitia, who was looking very handsome and thoroughly worthy. "Here," I proceeded, "there are concerts sometimes; a flower-show once a year; and a Sunday-school something-or-other this very afternoon. Cousin Letitia thinks that persons from town, and so on, should be contented with these simple pleasures. I think they should be, but I could not assure her that they would be. I," I added with diffidence, "could only answer for myself."

"I," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope firmly, "am prepared to go to the Sunday-school something-or-other this very day."

"I'm game," said Cousin George, with a chuckle.

"I'm so glad," I said sweetly.

"What—what is it, exactly?" asked Mr. Featherstone-Hope, with some nervous awe of Letitia.

"Our Sunday-school treat," replied Letitia suavely.

"'Sunday-school treat,'" I repeated thoughtfully. "'Treat.' Somehow it does not occur to one to speak of a 'treat' from Paradise—or—or—what do you call the place—Utopia? One would almost think——"

"*You* would," snapped Letitia.

"Ye—s; I think I do," I admitted.

"It is," ventured the Curate, looking at his watch, "about time for us to be starting for the meadow."

Letitia re-stuck her hat-pin with alertness and drew on a pair of loose white gloves. Cousin George picked up the cap he had been trying to balance on the edge of my hammock. Mr. Featherstone-Hope slid off the back of the green garden seat on which he had perched himself.

"I hope you will enjoy yourselves," I said amiably. It seemed the correct platitude for the moment, but its effect was more that of a bomb, or of rain at a garden-party.

Cousin George started. "You're coming, Patty!" he exclaimed; the words were half a question, half a statement. Mr. Featherstone-Hope wrinkled his nose most unbecomingly, half closed his eyes, as if in thought, and squared his jaw. Letitia flushed a little, tapped the ground with her foot, and looked with patient impatience toward the Elysian Fields, or, rather, the Vicarage meadow. The Curate looked nervously from one to another.

"No," I replied, still swinging slowly in my hammock. "I've been telling Letitia I seem to shrink from so much publicity. My tastes are, I think, simpler than yours. I am going to the strawberry garden. I dare say I shall be there when you come back."

"I don't doubt it," said Letitia.

"*I* don't doubt it," remarked Mr. Featherstone-Hope. "Knowing what you expect of me, I shall, of course, make a point of being back before you leave the strawberries. Your Aunt Theresa, too, would be glad for me to come back before, like the locusts, you——"

"You read my every thought," I remarked sweetly, "and even my Aunt Theresa's." But I looked at Cousin George.

Cousin George had moved two hesitating paces toward the others before following them, and the scowl on his face would have convicted him in any murder trial. I smiled at him and kissed my hand. Cousin George's scowl straightened itself at the edges.

My Cousin Letitia

"Come along, Patty," he urged, as Letitia, with Mr. Featherstone-Hope on one side of her and the Curate on the other, turned and walked away over the turf.

"Cousin George," I said solemnly. He came back the two paces he had gone. "I will tell you something."

"Fire ahead," he said lugubriously.

"I—promised—Aunt Theresa—that I would try to amuse you—when you came down. But," I sighed, "it is considerate of you to go off with Letitia now—when I want—just to amuse myself—in the strawberry garden. It will be a little warm stooping over the plants, but——"

A ray of understanding crossed Cousin George's face.

"I'm not going to that blessed old Sunday-school bun-fight," he declared decidedly.

"It is to be deplored," I remarked to the sky, "when the educated classes sink into vulgarity of expression."

"I am going to eat strawberries this afternoon," he said firmly, ignoring my rebuke.

"Eat!" I echoed.

"Pick," he corrected apologetically.

There was a pause, while I listened to the click of the little gate through which the three disappearing figures passed, and saw Mr. Featherstone-Hope linger over the re-latching of it, with his face turned toward my hammock.

"There is cream," I said slowly, "in the dairy—by the window; and Jane knows the little kitchen saucer I like. There may," I added thoughtfully, "be two little kitchen saucers."

When Cousin George had gone in search of cream and Jane, I lay and watched Letitia's white, swain-guarded form till it was out of sight; then in contented contemplation of my "simple pleasures" I slid out of my hammock and strolled to the strawberry beds.

"Many things have been said about strawberries and cream," I remarked to Cousin George as he brought his first offering to my saucer.

"I could say a few, myself," he affirmed.

"Do," I said encouragingly.

"Well—they're—they're——" Cousin George's strong point is not exactly fluency, and as, when he thinks, he ceases to do anything else, I relieved him of the necessity for thought.

"Letitia told me that an old man called Pepys, who went through the fire of London, and admired his wife when she was well dressed, enjoyed them so much that he put it into his diary—the fact, I mean, not the combination. And I know, myself, that somebody once said something about 'Doubtless God could have invented a better mixture,' because nearly every one I know repeats it when he wants to intimate that he is going to be a regular pig over strawberries and wants to intimate it nicely."

"There are some people—Letitia, and those bookish ones—who can always repeat something or other whatever's doing," he grumbled.

"Oh," I assured him unwarily, "I can repeat some things myself. There's that poem about Curly-locks:

"'Curly-locks, Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a gold seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream,'"

I concluded triumphantly.

"There's some sense in that," declared Cousin George tenderly, forgetting his duties and coming to an anchor beside me. "The chap knew what he wanted."

"He knew what she wanted," I suggested.

After that it did not occur to us to bother about quotations; we simply picked (at least Cousin George did), and ate, and talked.

By the time I had eaten about a pint of strawberries in slow, well-creamed comfort, I could no longer ignore the fact that Cousin George was endeavoring with some pertinacity to ask me (for the third time) to marry him. Cousin George is not the person to be balked by subtleties; it takes something more of the nature of a stone wall to stop him. So I really was rather glad when, on lifting a particularly luscious, cream-covered strawberry to my lips, and my eyes to the landscape, I saw Mr. Featherstone-Hope recrossing the lawn.

"*Well!*" I exclaimed in unmitigated contempt, as he drew near. "*Well!* So you're back again!"

"Yes," he said cheerfully, as if he had won his way to a V. C. "I managed it."

"You couldn't bear for us to be happy together, Cousin George and I," I declared accusingly.

"May there not be even peep-shows into your Paradise?" he asked tragically.

"And how about Letitia?" I demanded severely.

"I assure you I was *de trop*. Miss Letitia was satisfied with the Curate. The Curate—I thought was scarcely satisfied with me. There is no one," he sighed, "like a Curate for letting one know one is *de trop*. So I came back."

"And how about us?" I demanded.

"Oh, I don't mind you."

"But Cousin George? Cousin George," I asked, turning to him, "how do you like it?"

"Oh, I—I——" he replied after a moment's consideration, as he finally stripped a flourishing young plant, "am not a Curate."

Coming from Cousin George, this unusual intelligence gave me quite a shock. I looked at Mr. Featherstone-Hope. Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked for a moment at Cousin George, then turned his eyes thoughtfully on some cabbages.

"I was to have amused you, Cousin George," I said remorsefully, as he laid some more strawberries beside my saucer, "and I quite forgot to do it." Cousin George chuckled. Mr. Featherstone-Hope withdrew his eyes rather hastily from the cabbages, and his expression became a degree more alert. "How shall I begin?" I asked. "Perhaps you had better—come somewhere, and—and do something—something active, you know, and be amused."

Cousin George, ignoring the illogicality of my remarks, merely chuckled again, but did not move.

"How difficult it is," I mused aloud, "to entertain persons who will not talk—who do not follow up one's remarks and questions. What, I ask, are their mouths for?"

"Possibly for a few strawberries," suggested Mr. Featherstone-Hope with some diffidence. "I cannot speak from experience——"

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed. "I—I'm afraid we've cleared rather a lot. Perhaps you would like a few?"

"Thanks. Perhaps just the few that are left might not hurt me," he admitted.

"Cousin George," I pleaded, "earn my gratitude and respect: help me to wipe the stain from my hospitality; in fact, fetch some more cream from the dairy. You can dip it out through the corner window without bothering Purvis."

Drawn by Gabrielle Clarke

"Gratitude and respect," repeated Cousin George doubtfully, as he arose from the little turf slope on which he had been lying

"'Gratitude and respect,'" repeated Cousin George doubtfully, as he arose from the little turf slope on which he had been lying.

"I couldn't say more, you know, before Mr. Featherstone-Hope," I explained tenderly.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope said he supposed not, as he settled himself on the spot where Cousin George had been. Cousin George looked rather huffy.

"I'll turn him out when you come back," I assured him. "He is only jealous of our pleasant day in the country." Cousin George looked more satisfied and went off whistling.

"It would save a lot of trouble," I remarked meditatively, as my eyes followed Cousin George.

"Would it, indeed?" said Mr. Featherstone-Hope politely.

"And it must be some one."

"No doubt." And Mr. Featherstone-Hope sighed with elaborate patience. "If I only knew the riddle I should, I think, quite enjoy it."

"And I shouldn't have to change my name."

"That of course is a consideration; but the punishment is severe."

"Mr. Featherstone-Hope!"

"For me," he added.

"Aunt Theresa," I explained, as I handed him a strawberry, "says that a girl ought to marry or have a profession."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. She hates waste."

"I have a great respect for your Aunt Theresa's opinions, but how——?"

"She thinks that as an unprofessional spinster I should be lost, without influence, unheard of——"

"Unheard of?"

"Yes."

"It is clear," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope with thoughtful melancholy, "that your Aunt Theresa has not been engaged to you five times. Now, I could tell her——"

"What?" I demanded.

"That—that—well, that she is mistaken."

"*You* think me a mere magpie," I said haughtily.

"I should put it differently," he protested. "'Conversationalist' would, I think, be the word I should use. Still," he continued cheerfully, "there is yet the profession. Now, I could imagine a profession, *after* one had done four or five years' hard, serious work, having many advantages."

"It would be easier to marry Cousin George," I said meditatively.

"It would be quite as easy to marry me," he affirmed nonchalantly.

"Not at all," I contradicted. "I can make capital 'P's' quite well; while as for 'H's,' I never could make a respectable 'H.' You see," I added, "I've been all my life practicing 'P's.'"

"Try the profession, then," he suggested; "that's a 'P,' and in your case it would, of course, be a capital."

"Perhaps it would be better," I agreed with some melancholy: the outlook, I admit, did not strike me as alluring. "It is so hard to decide about marrying when there is really nothing to make one fix on one man more than another. I just thought the 'P' might settle the matter; it seemed, at any rate, a reason."

"You could, of course, spell 'Featherstone' with a 'Ph,' if that would be any help to you," he suggested politely.

"There would still be the 'Hope,'" I protested.

"Yes; I refuse to give up the 'Hope,'" he declared: "or even the 'H.' I am not unreasonably tenacious as a rule, but I cling to my aspirations and my aspirates."

"Poor Cousin George *is* rather plain," I observed meditatively. "But he is nicely turned out; and those plain, clean men are the best to live with, they say."

"You asked them?"

"People occasionally advise me on the subject," I replied haughtily. "Aunt Fanny has told me a lot about the safest way to choose a husband. She is most anxious that I shall marry what she calls a 'worthy man.'"

"Why, your Aunt Fanny was never married in her life."

"That's why," I replied frigidly. "She saw through them too clearly."

"That surely argues that they were plain and clean!"

"Yes," I was forced to admit, "but she has studied phrenology, too, and was once judge at a lap-dog show. I think it mixed up her rules a little. But from what she said, I think Cousin George would be very docile."

"I suppose this is the way you soliloquize about me when we happen to be engaged," he said huffily.

"Oh, I am not engaged to Cousin George—yet," I assured him cheerfully.

"You will tell me when you are?"

"Of course. You shall be one of the first to hear," I promised.

"Thanks," he said dryly. "I can quite believe you."

"Would you—would you be very much relieved?" I asked softly.

"Patricia Pomeroy!" His voice was reproachful, but his hand was firm, and my little saucer slid down the slope, for I had no fingers to hold it.

"Cousin George is a very long time getting your cream," I remarked as I slowly but decidedly drew my hand away.

"Do you want the fellow back?"

"You see, I undertook to amuse him," I explained.

"You would," he said grimly.

I fluttered a sigh.

"I said nothing of myself," I added deprecatingly. I looked at Mr. Featherstone-Hope; Mr. Featherstone-Hope looked at me. It was a coincidence which had occurred before.

"Twelve months is a long time," he urged softly.

"Oh, endless," I agreed, wondering.

"Must it be twelve months?" he demanded with a return to his nonchalance.

"Twelve months?" I asked. "What about them?"

"Twelve months of freedom—from me—are necessary to you, I believe, you stipulated——"

"Oh, dear me, I quite forgot. Of course, yes." I stiffened myself to a correct rigidity. Mr. Featherstone-Hope set his teeth swiftly, and I knew he was anathematizing himself. I tittered.

"Well, it wasn't my fault that time," I said. "When a man *reminds* me of the fact that I am nothing to him—Oh, here comes Cousin George smiling. He looks glad to return to me, doesn't he? I think I had better give up marriage and professions and turn nursemaid. It seems so easy to amuse young persons."

"I think," he remarked, as he looked at Cousin George's beaming countenance, "that you may possibly succeed in this case." I did not tell him that I had been succeeding for four days already.

Big Fish Stories—By Big Fishermen

Hitched to a Team of Muskellunge

COL. JOHN S. COOPER, one of Chicago's noted sportsmen, and father of the movement for the establishment, by Congress, of a monster national park in the great game region of Minnesota, gives this account of his most remarkable fishing experience.

For more than twenty years I have made it a rule to take at least two weeks' fishing in the muskellunge waters of Wisconsin or Minnesota. On one of these pilgrimages I was one of a party of six Chicago men, and we made our camp at Plum Lake, in Northern Wisconsin—a body of water which did not tempt the muskellunge fisher, but which had, at its north end, a portage leading over a ridge, or "hog's back," to another stretch of water known as Star Lake. Star Lake was the place for grown-up muskellunge! We had only one boat on this lake, and therefore only two of us could fish at one time. My companion and myself hovered for two days about the first lake catching black bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel, and throwing them back in again as fast as caught, and then our turn at Star Lake came! For two nights we had been filled with envy as we looked on the spoils of the other fellows.

We started out that bright October morning determined to break all previous records, and we agreed between ourselves to throw back all bass, pike and pickerel. We also agreed to throw back all muskellunge that should weigh, in our estimation, less than ten pounds each. At five o'clock in the afternoon we had caught twelve muskellunge that suited us—they averaged nineteen pounds each. Although this was more than the others had brought in we determined to follow the advice of our Irish guide and not only "beat 'em but bury 'em." Just as we rounded again the bar of lily pads and muskellunge weeds which reached out into the lake, I made a cast and there was a great swirl in the water. The fish took my Skinner's spoon just as the bait struck the surface of the water. Just as he made a spurt for deep water my companion, an old doctor, shouted: "That fish is a hog; he has taken my spoon, too!"

"No!" yelled the Irishman. "Ye've caught th' other wan iv th' family!" (Muskellunge go in pairs.)

The guide was right. We had both fish! One on one side of the boat and one on the other. It was an exciting fight. Sometimes both were out of the water at the same time, and when they dove we had the greatest difficulty keeping those two fish apart! Finally, as I had "worked" my fish very hard, he began to show signs of giving up, and was slowly drawn alongside, gaffed and landed. By this time the doctor was shouting "Next!" as they do in the barber shop, and was endeavoring to reel in his fish. The guide stood ready with the gaff and in a few moments the second fish was landed. It was almost dark, but we were near the shore. That made fourteen muskellunge which the guide and I had to carry across the portage trail—about one-eighth of a mile over the ridge. We cut a twelve or fourteen foot sapling, ran it through the gills and mouths of the fish, and leaving the fishing tackle for the old doctor to carry, made our way toward camp. My right shoulder aches now when I think of it! The doctor's big fish weighed twenty-four pounds and mine twenty-two! This is the only instance of which I have heard in which two such monster fish were hooked at the same time from the same boat.

The Bullheads of Kekoskee Dam

MR. EMERSON HOUGH, the writer of Western stories and an authority on hunting and fishing, gives the following as the greatest and most famous "fish tale" of the entire West. He tells the Kekoskee fish story as it has been told to him by numerous of the respected and truthful citizens of Mayville, Wisconsin.

The winter of 1860 was very cold. At that time a vast lake covered the whole ground where Horicon marsh now is. This lake was full of fish, and when the ice had frozen deep over every portion of the lake these fish became distressed for air. The Rock River is a lively stream and has a stretch of swift water just below the great dam at Kekoskee. The fish, unable to breathe in the half-solid lake, crowded up the live channel of the Rock River, making for the hole which the swift water kept open in the ice below Kekoskee Dam. Most of these fish were bullheads, and no river of salmon ever equaled this run of bullheads. It is six miles from the lake up to Kekoskee Dam, and the ice on the river was two feet thick, yet the whole bed of the river, forty yards wide, was for six miles so packed with bullheads that the heavy covering of tough ice in places rolled and tossed like the waves of the sea.

The first arrival of the run of fish at the open hole was marked by a geyserlike eruption of bullheads, fifty feet across and about twelve feet high. The pressure of the fish behind was simply enormous. The fish could not get back in the water and so slid out on the ice, covering it in every direction for hundreds of yards to a depth varying from six inches to two feet. The air was filled with a strange, low, murmuring sound, which could be heard for nearly a mile. By noon that day every team of the whole neighborhood was at the dam hauling bullheads. They were hauled out into the country and used largely for fertilizer. The bullheads were shoveled into wagons and the regular price was twenty-five cents a load, a nominal sum to cover the shoveling only. After the bullheads thinned out so you could get a spear through them, as they lay in a matted layer, it was discovered that there were layers of bass and pickerel lower down in the water, and much sport was had with these later. Of course everybody lived on fish and they were used in many ways.

Ordinarily one man tells a fish story. But no one man can properly tell this story. It takes a whole town to tell it. To hear it aright you must go to Mayville. There the whole town will tell you the story. You dare not, you cannot, doubt it. I first heard the story from Doctor Clarke, of Mayville. I sifted the story to find if it were true. I met Mr. F. M. Lawrence, leading attorney of the town, and asked him carelessly about the story.

"Oh, about those Kekoskee bullheads!" said he. "Yes, that was a great time. The Widow Sneider, out here a mile on the road, counted nine hundred wagon loads of bullheads go by in one morning. A dog could run across the open hole on the backs of the fish. Julius Cornell fell off the ice and couldn't get into the water for the fish. The farmers fed bullheads to their hogs, and one fellow here in town, named Brush, kept his horse all winter on bullheads. He had them stacked up out in the yard. The horse's name is Santa Anna. Want to see him? Come along with me, and I'll show him to you. A good many people don't believe this story, but I'll show you the horse."

A Formula for Money-Making

By Thomas W. Lawson

NOT long ago a man came to me and asked for a formula for making money. He said he had a son he wanted to start in the world. He had heard I was making several millions a year in stocks, and he wanted to know, he declared rather naively, "how the trick is done."

I was amused, but interested, and asked him to present a list of questions on the points he wished me to cover in my counsel on money making. His list was as follows:

What is a college education worth to a business man?

What condition, socially, makes the most substantial foundation for a start in business?

What are the elements of success in speculation?

What general rules of business conduct would you lay down for a young man to follow?

I thought on these questions, and answered them substantially as follows:

Taking the second question first, I can say unhesitatingly that the condition promising the largest measure of success to a young man making his start in the world is poverty. It is the greatest heritage a man can have. I do not mean ignorant, hopeless poverty that cares nothing for the future, but self-respecting poverty. Take my own case: I am only doing to-day what I set out to do years ago; there is nothing new to me about it. The mental picture of success and its fruits I then drew I have slept and lived with and ate and drank with all my life. I happened to be born into the world poor. We all know that fully to enjoy anything, when we get it, we must have lived with it in anticipation long enough to have become familiar with it in the picture. You must be born without the picture, paint it, and live and dream for it, because if you are born with it, and have everything you want presented in reality, you can go up and put your stubby child's finger on it, and get used to it; it becomes common.

I say a young man's greatest heritage is poverty, because poverty begets ambition, and ambition is the thing in this world that spurs a man to do his best. We must first have our picture. To children born to wealth the picture will never have the sacredness it has for the poor boy. The man who has his picture before him but who has never had it in reality is the man who goes out and mows down the world. That is one of the foundations of success. Take the man with a "barrel of money;" if he is spending it in the right way, what is he doing? When you ask him, if he is frank, he will answer: "I am filling my picture in."

Take my own case as an example. I am laying out a stock farm in Massachusetts. I have 260 acres of rocky and unproductive land. Hundreds of men and carts are employed taking out rock to make a place for green grass. I am spending a hundred thousand dollars on this part of the work, and for what? Just to fill in my picture, to clean off the stone and give me two hundred-and-odd acres of green lawn, with a white fence around it. Then I am putting inside that fence about half a million dollars' worth of wooden buildings—a doll farm. The house is 228 feet long, but of only two stories, low studded, with a bit of white muslin at the windows. At that farm will be found 240 horses, eighty brood mares with their babies running around, and my kennels, my hens, my pigeons, my polo field, steeplechase course, and half-mile trotting track. A friend, a very rich man, said to me: "How did you find out how to do it? I never saw such a pretty picture." I have had that picture in my mind ever since I was twelve or thirteen years old; but I didn't tell him so. It is the picture painted in poverty. Without it I could not have done the work necessary to get it.

This brings us to the value of a college education to a business man, which may be answered under this head.

A man who has inherited ability to paint his picture, and has compelled the world to allow him to fill it in, must feel many and many a day sorry he did not have a college education. What is a college education? It is that which can be acquired only by those weeks and months and years a man spends to satisfy a taste, a desire, an ambition for something he didn't have; so there is no use in saying a man who has ability to paint his picture in his mind and later to paint it in reality, is not sorry, for the minute, perhaps, that he has missed that world that is covered by a college education. When you ask such a man: "Would you give up the picture you have spent your life with for the college boy's picture?"—for you can necessarily have only one—there is no question about his answer.

The college boy's picture must be an esthetic affair of a world he doesn't know and rarely in after years brings into actual existence. The poor boy knows the world of men, and when he has once plunged into business, and has filled in his picture, he really doesn't need a college education, only as one needs a sunset, a moonrise or a dream. He is in the position of a man who, having eaten heartily of blueberries and milk, strolls into the club and is invited by a friend to sit down to a hot bird and a cold bottle. He knows a hot bird and a cold bottle, but is not hungry for them, nor if his berries and milk set as berries and milk should, is he envious of his friend.

SOME GOLDEN RULES OF BUSINESS

Now, what rules guide a man to success in business? I will take up general principles first.

Be thorough in your work, whatever it may be. Believe there is nothing too small to do well. Life is only a matter of picking up bricks on one side of the street and carrying them to the other side. We are all carrying bricks. I say to the young man, carry your bricks with enthusiasm. Try to make your work the best job of carrying bricks ever done, so that people will say: "Why, he carries those bricks as if he enjoyed it!"

That is the secret of success when we get down to the bottom principle. Make the work you are doing the greatest thing in the world while you are doing it. Give it your whole thought and your whole strength. Leave it only when you feel that nobody could improve on it. These may be old maxims dressed over, but they are as true to-day as they ever were, and no one who departs from them can make a complete success of anything. If a young man makes a success of small things he will of great things when they come his way, and they'll come his way, for great things are only combinations of little things well done. If he does not make a success of small things, the great things never will come his way.

Here it may be well to say that, in business, success lies as often in knowing what not to undertake as in what to go into. The greatest care should be taken in selecting our work when we get to the point where we can select it. Many men have been defeated in their life-work because odds were against them from the start, and they did not know it. They selected work which it was impossible for them to do, and while selecting overlooked that which it was possible for them to do successfully.

Another rule that applies is this: Be sincere; don't try to fool the world, for it will not be fooled. It can tell the difference every time between an honest man and a fakir. No proposition will stand examination that does not have a kernel of truth in it. I can take my little kernel of truth, and polish it and rub it and lay it out on my palm, and with it I can convince any man alive that I am right. Without it I cannot. The test of a man in business is whether he is honest or not—conscientiously, broadly honest, not alone legally honest. No fakir can pass through the world undetected while there are so many students of human nature in it, nor can the honest man long be mistaken for a fakir. A fakir can do anything an honest man does until you test him. I apply the test in all my business and it is one of my secrets of success. It is this: Look your man straight in the eye. To handle a man I must see his eye. Look straight at him when you make your proposition, and be sure you have your kernel of truth. The rest is easy—you have simply to use ordinary intelligence in showing it to him: then you are on your own ground, you are at your best, and he—well, he buys your goods and at your own price. Again, when a man comes to you with a proposition—comes to sell you his goods—look away from him; let him talk at your shoulder, or the side of your head. If he is honest he will make headway, if he isn't he will not. If a man comes to sell me a railroad, or a mine, or an invention for shearing sheep, I say to myself: "Get your armor on; he will try to sell you something he is dissatisfied with," and I look out of the window while he talks. If he makes an impression on me I know he has something worth listening to. From this I lay down a general rule: When you have goods to sell, sell them by your own standard; when you are buying, buy on your own standard, too.

Who is the best stock operator? The man who has a definite object to attain, who has been painting pictures to be filled in later, who has studied the future and that which makes the future—the human animal—because the market is always in the future. The man who looks ahead and is ambitious—that is the man who makes the success, the one who, having his picture, says, "I will realize it," and who has kept himself in such physical and mental condition that if any one should shout "Fire!" when he is at the theatre, and everybody is panic-stricken and rushing for the windows or the doors, he is the chap you would see lighting a cigar on the empty—the safe—side of the house when all the rest are trampling over each other trying to get out on the other side.

In stock operations, as in general business, one great secret of success is to keep yourself always ready instantly to do everything well—not to rehearse beforehand what you are to do. To act on the spur of the moment a man must be mentally and physically quick, and able to stand any test; not a special test, such as men train themselves to, but any test. Run a revolver under a cowboy's nose, and he doesn't dodge, for he is used to it, but put him in front of the tape, if he has a large family depending on him, and drop the price of the stock he holds which represents his all—drop it with a bang and see whether he sweats or not, and whether he gets white. On the other hand, let a cowboy try to stampede Jim Keene by sticking a gun under his nose, and although Keene is not in training for cow-punching, he will bite the gun in two and never turn a hair.

THE "NERVY" MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

The seasoned stock operator, when the market starts to go down, thinks for about a millionth part of a second, runs up and down his mental machinery, and sees that everything is in good shape; closes his eyes and says to himself: "What will it all amount to a hundred years from now?" The world looks on and says: "The nerve he has!" It isn't nerve at all; simply a physical and mental make-up that is well trained. He knows what to do just as the telegraph operator with forty keys in front of him knows which key to touch to call help when somebody shouts "Fire."

The man who cannot stand every sort of test in the market has no business in speculation. When he begins operations the ticker is there and the tape is blank. Then it begins to tick and shoves out a sign, a few letters and a few numbers. The instant they are out the operator must come to a decision; the jury and judge are listening, and he cannot alter his decision once it is made. That is stock speculation. It calls for the type of man who could go on trial for his life and answer every question instantly and answer it right.

There is one thing to be said to men who look to the stock market to make money: There is no money to be made from following the tape. To make money in the market a man must be, or know what is, behind the tape. Until he finds himself there he will do better to keep on carrying bricks.

A Pig in Sheep's Clothing

SOME interesting experiments with little pigs have been made recently by a scientist at Copenhagen, Doctor Henriques. He has learned that the adipose deposit is more dense deep in the body than near the surface, and has there a higher melting-point.

One little pig he brought up in a barn, and, the season being winter, it was exposed to Arctic conditions. The second little pig he kept in a hot room, the conditions being to all intents and purposes tropical. The third little pig he sewed up in a garment of sheepskin, with the wool-side inside. All of them were fed on the same quantity of corn, and at the end of three months the three little pigs were killed.

It was found that the Arctic pig had fat of a different density and melting-point from the others; the cold had made its density less, and its melting-point lower than in the case of the tropical pig or of the pig in sheep's clothing. The difference was very marked, indeed, and it confirmed Doctor Henriques' idea that it was all a matter of temperature. The fat of the tropical pig was about the same as that of the pig in sheep's clothing. The moral to be drawn from these experiments seems to be that if the farmer wants a pig to acquire hard fat he must keep the animal where it is warm.

A Grimm Tale Made Gay

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

A fisherman lived on the shore
(It's a habit that fishers affect),
And his life was a hideous bore:
He had nothing to do but collect
Continual harvests of seaweed and shells,
Which he glued upon photograph frames,
To sell to the guests in the summer hotels,
With the quite inappropriate names.

He would wander along by the edge
Of the sea, and I know for a fact
From the pools with a portable dredge
He would curious creatures extract;
And during the season he always took lots
Of tourists out fishing for bass,
And showed them, politely, unpromising spots,
In the culpable way of his class!

It happened one day, as afar
He roved on the glistening strand,
That he came on a curious jar
Which lay on a hummock of sand.
It was closed at the mouth with a cork and a seal,
It was slim in the neck, like a stork,
And the innocent fisherman couldn't but feel
That the bottle he ought to uncork.

But what were his fear and surprise
When the stopper he held in his hand!
A giant of singular size
Appeared in a trice on the sand!—
Who said in the rudest and roughest of tones:
"A monster you've foolishly freed.
I shall simply make way with you, body and bones,
And that with phenomenal speed!"

The fisherman looked in his face,
And answered him boldly: "My friend,
How you ever were packed in that space
Is something I don't comprehend.
Pray do me the favor to show me how you
Could do it, as big as you are."
The giant retorted: "That's just what I'll do!"
And promptly re-entered the jar!

The fisherman corked him up tight,
And though he protested and raved,
For all he accomplished, he might
As well all his shouting have saved.
And, whenever a generous bonus is paid,
The fisherman willingly tells
The singular tale of this trick that he played
To the guests in the summer hotels.

Now don't go and say you've a dim
Idea you have heard it before!
For I'll frankly confess it's from Grimm,
The monarch of magical lore.
And if, by repeating, I've wasted your time,
Kind reader, be calm! I avow
The moral that I shall tack on to the rhyme
Has never been published till now!

THE MORAL

The Moral: The story's from Grimm,
But I have supplied the apparel,
So it's fifty per cent. of it Him,
And it's fifty per cent. of it Carryl.

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner—By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

Copyright, 1907, by The Curtis Publishing Company

"I want to tell you," she said.
"I haven't understood until to-night"

TWELFTH CHAPTER

ON THE twenty-second of November Bannon received this telegram:

MR. CHARLES BANNON, care of MacBride & Co., South Chicago.
We send to-day complete drawings for marine tower which you will build in the middle of spouting-house. Harahan Company are building the leg. MACBRIDE & CO.

Bannon read it carefully, folded it, opened it and read it again, then tossed it on the desk.

"We're off now, for sure," he said to Miss Vogel. "I've known that was coming sure as Christmas."

Hilda picked it up.

"Is there an answer, Mr. Bannon?"

"No, just file it. Do you make it out?"

She read it and shook her head. Bannon ignored her cool manner.

"It means that your friends on MacBride & Company's Calumet house are going to have the time of their lives for the next few weeks. I'm going to carry compressed food in my pockets and when meal time comes around just take a capsule."

"I think I know," she said slowly; "a marine leg is the thing that takes grain up out of ships."

"That's right. You'd better move up head."

"And we've been building a spouting-house instead to load it into ships."

"We'll have to build both now. You see, it's getting around to the time when the Pages'll be having a fit every day until the machinery's running and every bin is full. And every time they have a fit the people up at the Office'll have another, and they'll pass it on to us."

"But why do they want the marine leg?" she asked, "any more now than they did at first?"

"They've got to get the wheat down by boat instead of rail, that's all. Or likely it'll be coming both ways. There's no telling now what's behind it. Both sides have got big men fighting. You've seen it in the papers, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"Of course, what the papers say isn't all true, but it's lively doings all right."

The next morning's mail brought the drawings and instructions; and with them came a letter from Brown to Bannon. "I suppose there's not much good in telling you to hurry," it ran; "but if there is another minute a day you can crowd in, I guess you know what to do with it. Page told me to-day that this elevator will make or break them. Mr. MacBride says that you can have all January for a vacation if you get it through. We owe you two weeks off, anyhow, that you didn't take last summer. We're running down that C. & S. C. business, though I don't believe, myself, that they'll give you any more trouble."

Bannon read it to Hilda, saying as he laid it down:

"That's something like. I don't know where I'll go, though. Winter ain't exactly the time for a vacation, unless you go shooting, and I'm no hand for that."

"Couldn't you put it off till summer?" she asked, smiling a little.

"Not much. You don't know those people. By the time summer'd come around they'd have forgotten I ever worked here. I'd strike for a month and Brown would grin and say: 'That's all right, Bannon, you deserve it if anybody does. It'll take a week or so to get your pass arranged, and you might just run out to San Francisco and see if things are going the way they ought to.' And then the first thing I knew I'd be working three shifts somewhere over in China and Brown would be writing me I was putting in too much time at my meals. No, if MacBride & Company offer you a holiday, the best thing you can do is to grab it and run, and saw off the telegraph poles behind you. And you couldn't be sure of yourself then."

He turned the letter over in his hand.

"I might go up on the St. Lawrence," he went on. "That's the only place for spending the winter that ever struck me."

"Isn't it pretty cold?"

"It ain't so bad. I was up there last winter. We put up a house at Coteau, you know. When I got there the foundation wasn't even begun, and we had a bad time getting laborers. I put in the first day sitting on the ice sawing off spiles."

Hilda laughed.

"I shouldn't think you'd care much about going back."

"Were you ever there?" he asked.

"No, I've never been anywhere but home and here, in Chicago."

"Where is your home?"

"It was up in Michigan. That's where Max learned the lumber business. But he and I have been here for nearly two years."

"Well," said Bannon, "some folks may think it's cold up there, but there ain't anywhere else to touch it. It's high ground, you know—nothing like this"—he swept his arm about to indicate the flats outside—"and the scenery beats anything this side the Rockies. It ain't that there's mountains there, you understand, but it's all big and open, and they've got forests there that would make your Michigan pine woods look like weeds on a sandhill. And the river's great. You haven't seen anything really fine till you've seen the rapids in winter. The people there have a good time, too. They know how to enjoy life—it isn't all grime and sweat and making money."

"Well," said Hilda, looking down at her pencil and drawing aimless designs as she talked, "I suppose it is a good place to go. I've seen the pictures, of course, in the time-tables; and one of the railroad offices on Clark Street used to have some big photographs of the St. Lawrence in the window. I looked at them sometimes, but I never thought of really seeing anything like that. I've had some pretty good times on the lake and over at St. Joe. Max used to take me over to Berrien Springs last summer, when he could get off. My aunt lives there."

Bannon was buttoning his coat and looking at her. He felt the different tone that had got into their talk. It had been impersonal a few minutes before.

"Oh, St. Joe isn't bad," he was saying; "it's quiet and restful and all that, but it's not the same sort of thing at all. You go over there and ride up the river on the May Graham, and it makes you feel lazy and comfortable, but it doesn't stir you up inside like the St. Lawrence does."

She looked up. Her eyes were sparkling as they had sparkled that afternoon on the elevator when she first looked out into the sunset.

"Yes," she replied. "I think I know what you mean. But I never really felt that way; I've only thought about it."

Bannon turned half away, as if to go.

"You'll have to go down there, that's all," he said abruptly. He looked back at her over his shoulder, and added: "That's all there is about it."

Her eyes were half startled, half mischievous, for his voice had been still less impersonal than before. Then she turned back to her work, her face sober, but an amused twinkle lingering in her eyes.

"I should like to go," she said, her pencil poised at the top of a long column. "Max would like it, too."

After supper that evening Max returned early from a visit to the injured man, and told Hilda of a new trouble.

"Do you know that little delegate that's been hanging around?" he asked.

"Grady," she said, and nodded.

"Yes; he's been working the man. I never saw such a change in my life. He just sat up there in bed and swore at me, and said I needn't think I could buy him off with this stuff"—he looked down and Hilda saw that the bowl in his hand was not empty—"and raised a row generally."

"Why?" she asked.

"Give it up. From what he said I'm sure Grady's behind it."

"Did he give his name?"

"No, but he did a lot of talking about justice to the downtrodden and the power of the unions, and that kind of stuff. I couldn't understand all he said—he's got a funny lingo, you know; I guess it's Polack—but I got enough to know what he meant, and more, too."

"Can he do anything?"

"I don't think so. If we get after him it'll just set him worse'n pig's bristles. A man like that'll lose his head over nothing. He may be all right in the morning."

But Hilda, after Max had given her the whole conversation as nearly as he could remember it, thought differently. She did not speak her mind out to Max, because she was not yet certain what was the best course to take. The man could easily make trouble, she saw that. But if Max were to lay the matter before Bannon, he would be likely to glide over some of the details that she had got only by close questioning. And a blunder in handling it might be fatal to the elevator, so far as getting it done in December was concerned. Perhaps she took it too seriously; for she was beginning, in spite of herself, to give a great deal of thought to the work and to Bannon. At any rate, she lay awake later than usual that night, going over the problem, and she brought it up, the next morning, the first time that Bannon came into the office after Max had gone out.

"Mr. Bannon," she said, when he had finished dictating a letter to the Office, "I want to tell you about that man that was hurt."

Bannon tried not to smile at the nervous, almost breathless way in which she opened the conversation. He saw that, whatever it was, it seemed to her very important, and he settled comfortably on the table, leaning back against the wall with his legs stretched out before him. She had turned on her stool.

"You mean the hoist man?" he asked.

She nodded. "Max goes over to see him sometimes. We've been trying to help make him comfortable——"

"Oh," said Bannon; "it's you that's been sending those things around to him."

She looked at him with surprise.

"Why, how did you know?"

"I heard about it."

Hilda hesitated. She did not know exactly how to begin. It occurred to her that perhaps Bannon was smiling at her eager manner.

"Max was there last night, and he said the man had changed all around. He's been friendly, you know, and grateful"—she had forgotten herself again in thinking of her talk with Max—"and he's said all the time that he wasn't going to make trouble——" She paused.

"Yes, I know something about that," said Bannon. "The lawyers always get after a man that's hurt, you know."

"But last night he had changed all around. He said he was going to have you arrested. He thinks Max has been trying to buy him off with the things we've sent him."

Bannon whistled.

"So our Mr. Grady's got his hands on him!"

"That's what Max and I thought, but he didn't give any names. He wouldn't take the jelly."

"I'm glad you told me," said Bannon, swinging his legs around and sitting up. "It's just as well to know about these things. Grady's made him think he can make a good haul by going after me, poor fool—he isn't the man that'll get it."

"Can he really stop the work?" Hilda asked anxiously.

"Not likely. He'll probably try to make out a case of criminal carelessness against me, and get me held up. He ought to have more sense, though. I know how many sticks were on that hoist when it broke. I'll drop around there to-night after dinner and have a talk with him. I'd like to find Grady there—but that's too good to expect."

Hilda had stepped down from the stool, and was looking out through the half-cleaned window at a long train of freight cars that was clanking in on the belt line.

"That's what I wanted to see you about most," she said slowly. "Max says he's been warned that you'll come around and try to buy him off, and it won't go, because he can make more by standing out."

"Well," said Bannon easily, amused at her unconscious drop into Max's language, "there's usually a way of getting after these fellows. We'll do anything within reason, but we won't be robbed. I'll throw Mr. Grady into the river first, and hang him up on the hoist to dry."

"But if he really means to stand out," she said, "wouldn't it hurt us for you to go around there?"

"Why?" He was openly smiling now. Then, of a sudden, he looked at her with a shrewd, close gaze, and repeated, "Why?"

"Maybe I don't understand it," she said nervously. "Max doesn't think I see things very clearly. But I thought perhaps you would be willing for me to see him this evening. I could go with Max, and——"

She faltered when she saw how closely he was watching her, but he nodded and said, "Go on."

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

"Why, I don't know that I could do much, but—no"—she tossed her head back and looked at him—"I won't say that. If you'll let me go, I'll fix it. I know I can."

Bannon was thinking partly of her—of her slight, graceful figure that leaned against the window frame, and of her eyes, usually quiet, but now snapping with determination—and partly of certain other jobs that had been imperiled by the efforts of injured workingmen to get heavy damages. One of the things his experience in railroad and engineering work had taught him was that men will take every opportunity to bleed a corporation. No matter how slight the accident, or how temporary in its effects, the stupidest workman has it in his power to make trouble. It was frankly not a matter of sentiment to Bannon. He would do all that he could, would gladly make the man's sickness actually profit him, so far as money would go; but he did not see justice in the great sums which the average jury will grant. As he sat there he recognized what Hilda had seen at a flash, that this was a case for delicate handling.

She was looking at him, tremendously in earnest, yet all the while wondering at her own boldness. He slowly nodded.

"You're right," he said. "You're the one to do the talking. I won't ask you what you're going to say. I guess you understand it as well as anybody."

"I don't know yet, myself," she answered. "It isn't that—it isn't that there's something particular to say, but he's a poor man, and they've been telling him that the Company is cheating him and stealing from him—I wouldn't like it, myself, if I were in his place and didn't know any more than he does. And maybe I can show him that we'll be a good deal fairer to him before we get through than Mr. Grady will."

"Yes," said Bannon, "I think you can. And if you can keep this out of the courts I'll write Brown that there's a young lady down here that's come nearer to earning a big salary than I ever did to deserving a silk hat."

"Oh," she said, the earnest expression slipping abruptly out of her eyes; "did your hat come?"

"Not a sign of it. I'd clean forgotten. I'll give Brown one more warning—a long 'collect' telegram, about forty words—and then if he doesn't toe up, I'll get one and send him the bill." Then he said:

"There was a man that looked some like Grady worked for me on the Galveston house. He was a carpenter, and thought he stood for the whole Federation of Labor. He got gay one day. I warned him once, and then I threw him off the distributing floor."

Hilda thought he was joking until she looked up and saw his face.

"Didn't it—didn't it kill him?" she asked.

"I don't remember exactly. I think there were some shavings there." He stood looking at her for a moment. "Do you know," he said, "if Grady comes up on the job again, I believe I'll tell him that story? I wonder if he'd know what I meant."

The spouting-house, or "river house," was a long, narrow structure, one hundred feet by thirty-six, built on piles at the edge of the wharf. It would form, with the connecting belt gallery that was to reach out over the tracks, a T-shaped addition to the elevator. The river house was no higher than was necessary for the spouts that would drop the grain through the hatchways of the big lake steamers, twenty thousand bushels an hour—it reached between sixty and seventy feet above the water. The marine tower that was to be built, twenty-four feet square, up through the centre of the house, would be more than twice as high. A careful examination convinced Bannon that the pile foundations would prove strong enough to support this heavier structure, and that the only changes necessary would be in the frame of the spouting-house. On the same day that the plans arrived work on the tower commenced.

Peterson had about got to the point where startling developments no longer alarmed him. He had seen the telegram the day before, but his first information that a marine tower was actually under way came when Bannon called off a group of laborers late in the afternoon to rig the "trolley" for carrying timber across the track.

"What are you going to do, Charlie?" he called. "Got to slide them timbers back again?"

"Some of 'em," Bannon replied.

"Don't you think we could carry 'em over?" said Peterson. "If we was quiet about it they needn't be any trouble?" Bannon shook his head.

"We're not taking any more chances on this railroad. We haven't time."

Once more the heavy timbers went swinging through the air, high over the tracks, but this time back to the wharf. Before long the section boss of the C. & S. C. appeared, and though he soon went away, one of his men remained, lounging about the tracks, keeping a close eye on the sagging ropes and the timbers. Bannon, when he met Peterson a few minutes later, pointed out the man.

"What'd I tell you, Pete? They're watching us like cats. If you want to know what the C. & S. C. think about us, you just drop one timber and you'll find out."

But nothing dropped, and when Peterson, who had been on hand all the latter part of the afternoon, took hold, at seven o'clock, the first timbers of the tower had been set in place, somewhere down inside the rough shed of a spouting-house, and more would go in during the night, and during other days and nights, until the narrow frame work should go reaching high into the air. Another thing was recognized by the men at work on that night shift, even by the laborers who carried timbers, and grunted and swore in strange tongues; this was that the night shift men had suddenly

"He just sat up in bed and swore"

begun to feel a more restless energy crowding them on, and they worked nearly as well as Bannon's day shifts. For Peterson's spirits had risen with a leap, once the misunderstanding that had been weighing on him had been removed, and now he was working as he had never worked before. The directions he gave showed that his head was clearer; and there was confidence in his manner.

Hilda was so serious all day after her talk with Bannon that once, in the afternoon, when he came into the office for a glance at the new pile of blue-prints, he smiled, and asked if she were laying out a campaign. It was the first work of the kind that she had ever undertaken, and she was a little worried over the need for tact and delicacy. After she had closed her desk at supper time she saw Bannon come into the circle of the electric light in front of the office, and, asking Max to wait, she went to meet him.

"Well," he said, "are you loaded up to fight the 'power of the union'?"

She smiled, and then said with a trace of nervousness:

"I don't believe I'm quite so sure about it as I was this morning."

"It won't bother you much. When you've made him see that we're square and Grady isn't, you've done the whole business. We won't pay fancy damages, that's all."

"Yes," she said, "I think I know. What I wanted to see you about was—was—Max and I are going over right after supper, and——"

She stopped abruptly; and Bannon, looking down at her, saw a look of embarrassment come into her face; and then she blushed, and lowering her eyes, fumbled with her glove. Bannon was a little puzzled. His eyes rested on her for a moment, and then, without understanding why, he suddenly knew that she had meant to ask him to see her after the visit, and that the new personal something in their acquaintance had flashed a warning. He spoke quickly, as if he were the first to think of it.

"If you don't mind, I'll come around to-night and hear the report of the committee of adjusters. That's you, you know. Something might come up that I ought to know right away."

"Yes," she replied rapidly, without looking up, "perhaps that would be the best thing to do."

He walked along with her toward the office, where Max was waiting, but she did not say anything, and he turned in with, "I won't say good-night, then. Good luck to you."

It was soon after eight that Bannon went to the boarding-house where Hilda and Max lived, and sat down to wait in the parlor. When a quarter of an hour had gone and they had not returned, he buttoned up his coat and went out, walking slowly along the uneven sidewalk toward the river. The night was clear, and he could see, across the flats and over the tracks, where tiny signal lanterns were waving and circling and freight trains were bumping and rumbling, the glow of the arc lamps on the elevator, and its square outline against the sky. Now and then, when the noise of the switching trains let down, he could hear the hoisting engines. Once he stopped and looked eastward at the clouds of illuminated smoke above the factories and at the red blast of the rolling mill. He went nearly to the river and had to turn back and walk slowly. Finally he heard Max's laugh, and then he saw them coming down a side street.

"Well," he said, "you don't sound like bad news."

"I don't believe we are very bad," replied Hilda.

"Should say not," put in Max. "It's finer'n silk."

Hilda said "Max" in a low voice, but he went on:

"The best thing, Mr. Bannon, was when I told him it was Hilda that had been sending things around. He thought it was you, you see, and Grady'd told him it was all a part of the game to bamboozle him out of the money that was rightfully his. It's funny to hear him sling that Grady talk around. I don't think he more'n half knows what it means. I'd promised not to tell, you know, but I just saw there wasn't no use trying to make him understand things without talking pretty plain. There ain't a thing he wouldn't do for Hilda——"

"Max," said Hilda again, "please don't."

When they reached the house Max at once started in. Hilda hesitated, and then said:

"I'll come in a minute, Max."

"Oh," he replied, "all right." But he waited a moment longer, evidently puzzled.

"Well," said Bannon, "was it so hard?"

"No—not hard exactly. I didn't know he was so poor. Somehow you don't think about it that way when you see them working. I don't know that I ever thought about it at all before."

"You think he won't give us any trouble?"

"I'm sure he won't. I—I had to promise I'd go again."

"Maybe you'll let me go along."

"Why—why, yes, of course."

She had been hesitating, looking down and picking at the splinters on the gate post. Neither was Bannon quick to speak. He did not want to question her about the visit, for he saw that it was hard for her to talk about it. Finally she straightened up and looked at him.

"I want to tell you," she said, "I haven't understood exactly until to-night—what they said about the accident and the way you've talked about it—well, some people think you don't think very much about the men, and that if anybody's hurt, or anything happens, you don't care as long as the work goes on." She was looking straight at him. "I thought so, too. And to-night I found out some things you've been doing for him—how you've been giving him tobacco, and the things he likes best that I'd never have thought of, and I knew it was you that did it and not the Company—and I—I beg your pardon."

Bannon did not know what to reply. They stood for a moment without speaking, and then she smiled and said "Good-night," and ran up the steps without looking around.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

THE man who can smile and at the same time guide an automobile is the real genius of the times.

THE golfization of the American Sunday proceeds with the consent of the courts and in spite of the churches.

OF COURSE, it's Mr. Carnegie's money, but to some people Scotland seems a long way from Pittsburg.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had great troubles, but he never lived to read his conversations in the modern novels.

THE reconstructed Filipino is likely to have much more regard for the War Department than he has for the Supreme Court.

THOSE who first bragged of the loot they brought from China are beginning to be ashamed of themselves. Other people were ashamed of them a long time ago.

ONE thing which might interfere with the "shoulder-to-shoulder" program is that the London and New York Chambers of Commerce have not the deciding vote on those questions.

AS LONG as American citizens would rather bear the ills they have than fly to reforms they know not of, their politics will never improve. Apathy is always the opportunity of the spoilsman.

FIVE representatives of American and French newspapers have been racing around the world with the probability of making the trip in something like sixty days. The chief joy in such a journey for those who take it is said to be that most of the time the traveler is out of reach of the colored supplements of the Sunday papers.

IN THE June downpour of honorary degrees Mr. Andrew Carnegie was caught out of doors without an umbrella. His LL.D.'s now exceed the number of his mansions and castles, and they will soon be able to match totals with his libraries. Some one will soon be writing it ℒℒ.D.'s, meaning, of course, English Pounds and American Dollars. But why cavil? Complaint is often made that modern universities are not sufficiently practical. When it comes to handing out honors, a good many of them refute that criticism.

Danger in French Duels

RECENT events in la belle France have made it apparent to an astonished world that the next international peace congress must take strong and drastic measures to repress what has heretofore been one of the most harmless and innocent pastimes of a playful people—the French duel. For many years it has been the pleasing custom of excitable French journalists, politicians and army officers—and in one or another of these classes are included all Frenchmen not members of labor unions—to spend the early morning hours on a river bank or in a quiet corner of a park, foot to foot with one another and executing volts and passes and thrusts with long, gleaming swords.

This sort of thing might have gone on forever, and all the journalists, politicians and army officers before mentioned might have died quietly in their beds, as has been the custom, had not a startling innovation been introduced into the code recently, and one which is likely in the future to lead to serious results for some duelist. It appears that two fiery and untamed journalists fell foul of each other for some reason not of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the cablegrams. Perhaps one, in an excess of journalistic zeal, secured what is known in this country as a "scoop" on his hated contemporary, or it may be that the latter wrote something about the "canaille" employed on the sheet across the street. Whatever the cause of the disagreement, it resulted in the customary challenge to mortal combat.

To the intense surprise of everybody, including the principals in the duel, the affair went steadily on for nineteen "rounds" without causing police interference or "winding" either combatant. The night drew on, the shadows crept athwart the greensward, and still the flashing blades gave play, as Mr. Dumas used to say. Things were getting serious, for in the gathering darkness there was grave danger of one of the duelists being hurt with the sharp swords, when the umpire was seized with a happy thought. He called the game on account of darkness, ordered the players to report next day at sunrise for a continuation of the battle, and issued return checks to the spectators, good for the following morning. The next day the infuriated champions returned to the attack and continued it fiercely until one of them was accidentally wounded in the arm, causing an immediate cessation of the deadly combat.

The danger in this new order of affairs, as will be seen at a glance, lies in making the French duel a sort of continuous performance. Under the old rules a child could enter into the sport with perfect impunity, but if this continued-in-our-next program comes to be the accepted thing, the duel will rapidly decline in popularity owing to the danger of overexertion. It is no easy thing to stand up and waggle a long sword back and forth for several hours, and if an attempt is made to do this every day for a week or so, some of the less robust among the journalists, politicians and army officers of France may become overheated or so utterly worn out by the unaccustomed exercise that heart failure may supervene.

Man never considers himself quite as great a hero as when he has righted a wrong, even though he may have profited by the act.

A Nation of College Graduates

MR. SCHWAB thinks that a college education is a disadvantage to a business man. Mr. Carnegie, the discoverer of Mr. Schwab, thinks so much to the contrary that he has given ten or fifteen million dollars to enable more Scotchmen to have the benefits of which he himself was deprived in his youth.

It appears as if Mr. Carnegie's views were rather more popular than Mr. Schwab's. Every commencement season sees more college graduates turned loose upon the world. Every new academic year finds college walls strained by increasing crowds of students. Where is it going to end?

Well, there is no reason why it should end at all, short of the collegiate education of every person in the community. A hundred years ago the function of the college was thought to be to train candidates for the ministry. Preachers were the only persons who really needed a college education, and that education, by the way, was less advanced in most respects than a high school training is now. Besides the ministers, it was thought that lawyers and doctors might get some benefit from a higher education, but in their case it was not at all necessary. The candidate for one of those professions might very well start in as a boy sweeping out the office of an old practitioner, and pick up a knowledge of the business in his odd moments. Outside of the three learned professions nobody had any real occasion for the things that were taught in college. Indeed, the education of that day was carefully designed to be as unpractical as possible. It gave no assistance in anything so sordid as the art of getting a living; nor did it help appreciably to expand the student's knowledge of the world in which he lived. It ran in a narrow groove, and made no concessions to varying tastes or aptitudes.

But now the whole meaning of education has been transformed. It is no longer a matter of learning to make quotations from Horace. It touches life on every side. It meets every possible need and aspiration, practical or ideal. In the hundreds of courses offered by the great American universities, with their thousands of possible permutations and combinations, there is something to fit every individual mind. There is not only the opportunity for intellectual culture beyond anything dreamed of in the old education, but there is the most practical sort of training for an infinite variety of gainful occupations as new as the modern education itself. A single electrical company this year offered positions to the entire graduating class in the department of mechanical science at Cornell.

Evidently, Mr. Schwab's ideas are not universally held in the business world.

Even now the higher education reaches directly only an insignificant fraction of the population, but there is no reason why, in time, it should not reach all. A few years ago there was a justifiable fear that an increase in the number of college students might mean the creation of a swarm of superfluous ministers, doctors and lawyers, and the subtraction from productive pursuits of numbers of young men who ought to be working with their hands. But now the young man who works with his hands can find in college plenty of material to give him pleasure and inspiration in his calling. The higher education in this country no longer tends to produce a parasitic intellectual aristocracy. The American college is the most powerful ally of American democracy.

Some people think they can be good and become educated by watching the weather.

The Other Side of the Shield

FROM the European complaints of American aggressiveness that are being cabled to our newspapers it would seem that many manufacturers and farmers in the British Isles and on the Continent are almost desperate enough to choose between provoking war against this country and going out of business. To believe the protests and forebodings printed in some foreign journals is to imagine that Americans are taking all the home and colonial trade out of the hands of English, French and Germans—that the Russians are protected against us only by their distance and the Spaniards and Italians only by their poverty.

Such talk is not unmusical to the American ear; it prompts our national bird to flap his wings and stretch his neck and scream joyously, and it has adapted itself kindly to some thousands of Fourth of July orations. But while we get out of it (and out of the increased trade) all that is worth keeping, let us refrain from conceit and from our national inclination to discount the future for the purpose of spending our profits before we have them in hand. European mill-owners are little if any less competent than our own, and they are quite as quick as our own to learn—when they really must. European farmers, most of whom are capitalists, know more about agriculture than is likely to be learned by our farmers until most of our great "quarter-section" farms have been divided and subdivided, and until the owners care less to plant a great acreage and more that each acre shall yield the largest possible return. We have the better of Europe in natural resources, and these give us a great advantage in the race for the world's trade, but it will do us no harm to remember that the world's extreme possible purchases depend upon the wherewithal to pay.

If we really must put on airs and plume ourselves on our superiority to the greater part of civilized mankind and on our "world-influence," let us occasionally forget our pockets and remind ourselves that for the good of the human race at large we are doing much, through our present trade supremacy, to stimulate Europe's working classes to emulate their American cousins in industry, energy, intelligence and self-respect. We may safely felicitate ourselves on the fact that, should American manufactures close many foreign mills, the final result will be to relieve overcrowded, overworked foreign areas by compelling their surplus population to emigrate, and thus extend the boundaries and influences of civilization and improve the quality of the emigrants.

Twentieth Century Dick Turpins should go to Philadelphia to learn the gentle art of highway robbery up to date.

Funny Fads in Food

SCARCELY a year runs its course without contributing to the great budget of food-fads that has been accumulating ever since the days of the first man who possessed at one and the same time an uncertain digestion, an impressible mind, and the means of pleasing his palate. Had any of the results been of general application the experimenting might have ended, but none seem to have been satisfactory except to the experimenter and his special followers, who formed but a small fraction of the race. Persons that are curious on the subject may read of classes whose only food was meat, others who ate only fish, and some who subsisted solely on vegetable diet, but they will be hopelessly puzzled if they attempt to discover which of the three became preëminent among their fellow-men. Reasoning by analogy, the meat-eaters point with pride to lions and tigers, the most masterful of beasts, yet the vegetarians show that larger frames and better tempers are found in the elephant and hippopotamus, and that larger and stronger than half a dozen lions, tigers, hippopotami and elephants combined is the whale, which subsists solely on fish, and which has a larger head, in proportion to body, than any other animal.

The newest food-fad is that human life can be maintained best by food that itself is living. Like other alleged discoveries, this is not really new, for the supreme dish at a Japanese feast is a live fish, and we Americans, who are not to be outdone by any older race, consume millions of live oysters daily through nine months of every twelve. As to that, who is there that does not delight in eating cherries direct from the tree and berries from the bush? To be consistent, however, the believers in live food should take their wheat and other grain-food green and direct, in the field, and sweeten their meals by chewing green cane and sugar-beets.

One of the most notable exemplars of peculiar dietary custom is an American army officer of good physique, who, in several years of exacting service at an out-of-the-way Western post, subsisted entirely on "canned goods." It was his custom to open cans at haphazard, a single can for each meal; whether the contents were fish, fowl or flesh, vegetables or fruit, he ate that and nothing more, and he lives to tell the tale. But he was always active, physically and mentally, except when asleep, and he breathed fresh air twenty-four hours of every day.

Coasting Seamen—By Morgan Robertson

"COASTER" and "schooner" are synonymous terms, as most of the sailing craft plying up and down the coast are fitted with the schooner-rig. And the men who man these vessels possess an individuality nearly as distinct as that of their craft, though, to the landsman's eye, there is little external difference between the coast seaman and other seafaring men. His habits are about the same, his face is as brown, and his hands are as tarry as are those of the deep-water man, and there is in his appearance the same crudity of taste in his choice of clothes—or rather, his satisfaction with them. He wears what he happens to own Yet to sailors themselves there are indefinable little touches of speech, accent and manner which stamp them in their class. Let a seafaring man but step across a room and speak a sentence or two, and nine out of ten observing sailors can tell the class of vessel that he is most accustomed to, be it deep-water ship, steamer, coasting schooner, tow-barge or yacht; though a yacht sailor is recognizable to the layman, as a rule, because of his well-fed, cleanly appearance, and because of his nationality—"Sou'wegian."

It is not that his ship stamps the sailor's manner, so much as that inherent attributes which may find expression in his attitude toward men guide him in his choice of a ship. Strongly imbued with *wander-lust* he will take to deep-water ships, and will be unsatisfied in coasters, deeming the work beneath his efficiency; for he is the best-trained specialist in the calling, though the worst paid, worst fed and worst treated. Given higher *natural* intelligence and self-respect, with less of the *wander-lust*, and he will not voluntarily make a second voyage around the Horn or the Cape, even though his value increase thereby, and he may be able more readily to obey the Sailor's Commandment: "Do as you're told." He remains on the coast, within reach of a policeman.

Given familiarity with the sea and with deck work scrubbing, painting, methodical pulling of ropes, common to all sailors—the coast seaman needs but to steer well, shift a gaff topsail sheet and tack, and handle fore-and-aft canvas, to hold his berth without friction with the mates If he is a master-hand with a marlinespike, and with "palm and needle," so much the better for him, these accomplishments, and a reasonable ingenuity in stowing cargo, will soon bring him promotion. But, if he is limited, and satisfied to remain before the mast, he looks upward to a berth in a yacht, where his pay is higher, his food of the best, and his outfit furnished by the owner; or, possibly, the Navy will attract him—where the surety of his pay will atone for its lesser rate; but here, he thinks that he will cease to be a sailor, and he feels about the same toward a berth in a steamer or tug. A steamboat sailor or a tug lineman he considers a deck-hand, but little above a canal driver—though all three might hold aloof from the sailor and discourage [illegible]

The food served in coasters' forecastles, while not up to the standard required in a longshoremen's boarding-house, is of fairly good quality, plentiful, and cooked as well as the individual taste and responsibility of the cook impel him to. But there is seldom complaint of bad food or treatment—aside from overwork in cargo ports—in the coasting trade. These things seem to come with the square-rig and the long voyage. And another curious but distinct advantage—worthy of comment from a sailor's viewpoint—which the coast sailor possesses over his deep-water brother, is that his dishes are washed for him by the cook and passed in clean with the next meal. Any one who has been to sea, even as passenger—who has divined the intense self-respect of a sea cook, and has watched a sailor swabbing out his tin plate with a rope's end—will realize that this is an uplifting institution, worthy of America

Like the deep-water sailor, the coast seaman furnishes his dishes and bedding—a tin pot, pan and spoon, a couple of blankets or comforters, and a "donkey's breakfast" to sleep on. He seldom wants a pillow: his clothes-bag answers every purpose. His pay now ranges between twenty-five and thirty-five dollars a month—about fifty per cent. higher than deep-water wages—but he cannot collect it wholly, even in American ports, until the end of the voyage, half what is due him being considered by the law as proper spending money for a sailor on liberty. This, of course, has a tendency to hold him to his berth when he might, with full pay in his pocket, quit work like a fellow-man, and leave his skipper in the lurch. But he enjoys another and very important advantage over the deep-sea sailor, who can still be imprisoned by an American Consul in any foreign port for deserting. The Seaman's Law of 1899 abolished this penalty with regard to the coasting trade; and an American sailor, on an American port, wishing to give up his job, can do so without need of dodging the police

Only within the last twenty years has the sailor realized that the improvement in his condition which he desires must come of his own effort. Well-meaning people have prayed for him for centuries, have established Bethel Missions in every seaport, have spent fortunes in behalf of his soul—to no practical purpose His body remained at the mercy of the shipowner and captain; and not until the Coast Seamen's Union of San Francisco had been established for years, and by dint of pure pertinacity and political effort forced remedial legislation through Congress, did the American sailor cease to be a slave under the law—denied the right of self-defense, denied the right to quit work, denied the right of protest against overwork until his protest took the form of dropping unconscious, denied the right of protest against food that only his hunger could induce him to eat. These abuses did not apply to the coasting trade, but it is the coasting sailor who has abolished them, and to him must the slave of the sea—the deep-water man—give thanks.

The San Francisco Union is prosperous, and publishes a weekly journal that has become a power in California politics. The Atlantic Coast Union, much younger, is still struggling, but has obtained a grip on life which seems promising; its membership is steadily increasing, it has obtained a rise in wages, and is actively engaged in drafting measures for the consideration of Congress leading to the further amelioration of the sailor's lot. Among the questions raised are the legal establishment of "watch and watch" at sea in the performance of routine work, and the abolition of "anchor-watch" in port, so that men who have worked all day at the cargo may be permitted to sleep through the night instead of taking a one or two hour turn on deck.

Other proposed reforms are the shortening of the work-day in port from the customary twelve or thirteen hours to nine; the prohibition of unnecessary (routine) work on Sundays and holidays; the enlargement of forecastles, and the establishment of a legal manning scale for all vessels. One would think that the latter would not be necessary—that the owner's self-interest would prevent him from sending his property to sea short-handed; but he relies on the wonderful elasticity of a sailor's endurance, and his power of multiplying himself into two or three men when called upon. This is part of his training; he expects it when he ships, and it is expected of him.

Recent Gifts to Colleges

By James Melvin Lee

MR. E. L. GODKIN, in retiring from the editorship of the New York Evening Post, published his recollections of nearly half a century of journalism, in which he took a pessimistic view of the press and the pulpit; but he thought that the progress made by colleges, big or little, both in the quality of instruction and in the amount of money received from personal gifts and bequests, was something unparalleled in the history of the world.

Though this is an era of large gifts, small ones are so numerous that in the aggregate they rival the former. One denomination has raised, chiefly by small subscriptions, nearly $5,000,000 for its schools, as a twentieth century thank offering. The endowment of Brown University has recently been increased by more than $1,000,000; the complete list of the subscribers to this fund published in the Brown Alumni Monthly, numbered, by actual count, 176 persons, and, deducting the $250,000 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, it was for the most part given in fairly small amounts

One of the most remarkable bequests of the past year was $1,500,000 left by Mrs. Josephine L. Newcomb, of New York City, to Tulane University. According to information received from the secretary of that institution she had also given $300,000 just before her death. Fifty thousand dollars has been received to found the library. Large gifts have been hitherto confined to Northern colleges—a fact which the South has lamented—but perhaps the tide is now turning.

Cornell College, of Mount Vernon, Iowa, through two of its trustees, Senator Allison and Governor Shaw, has secured the promise of $40,000 from Mr. Carnegie. Of course it is for a library, and the conditions are that it shall be free to students and to citizens, and that the sum of $4000 shall be guaranteed for its maintenance. Other gifts amount to over $200,000.

Cornell University, of Ithaca, New York, has received $75,000 for enlarging the Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering. Other donations foot up $141,953.

The principal gift to Syracuse University the past year was for a "College of Applied Science," by Mr. Lyman C. Smith. He believes that it will cost not less than $725,000 before it is finished. Mr. John D. Archbold has promised $400,000 for endowment, provided an equal amount is raised by other friends of the institution

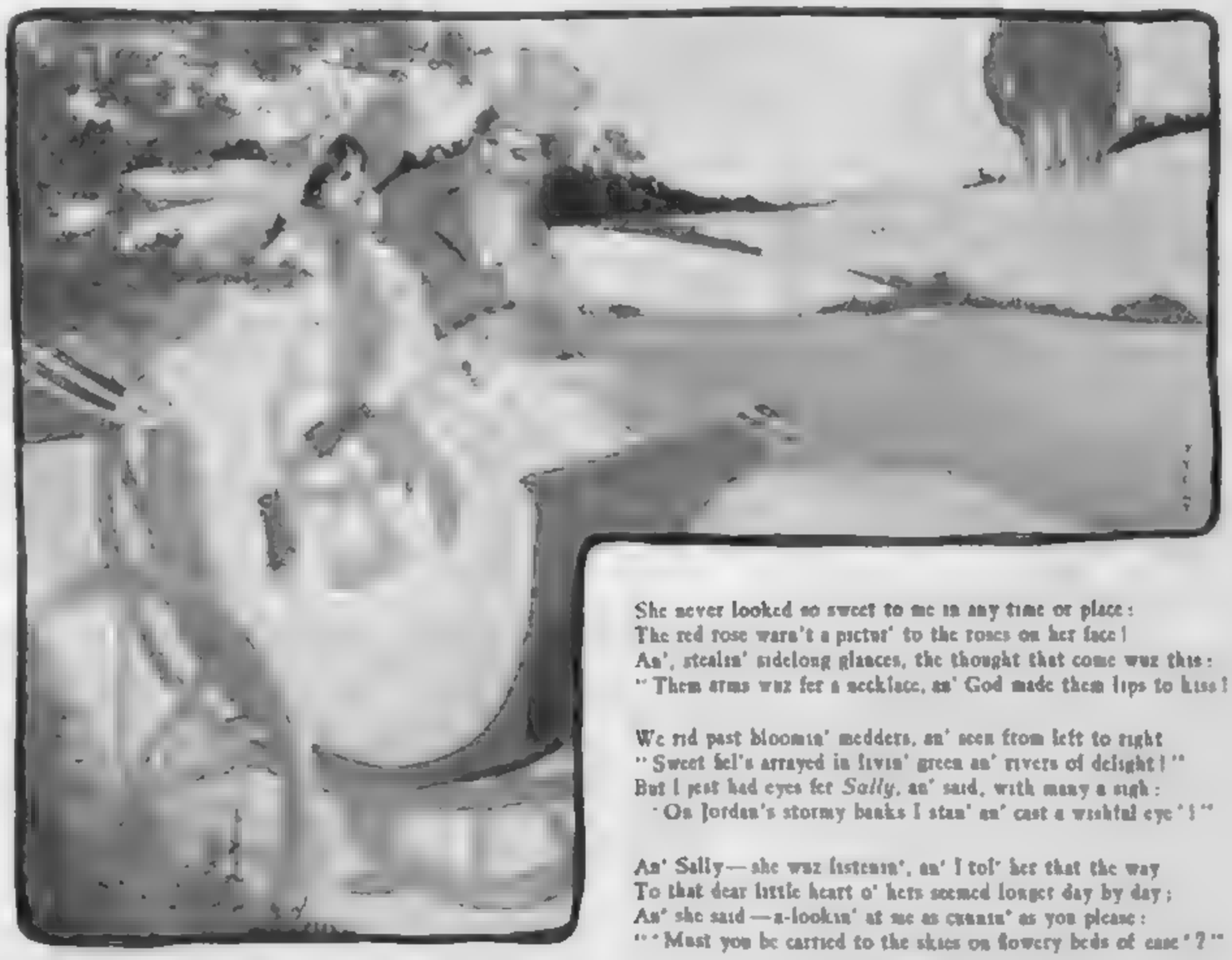
Amherst has raised $100,000 to increase the salaries of its professors, has added $50,000 to its endowment, and has raised $5000 for various purposes A promise of $25,000 has been announced to be added to the fund for a new observatory building in case a like sum can be procured

Oberlin has received $120,000 for a gymnasium and a chemical laboratory. In addition, Mr. John D. Rockefeller has made a provisional offer of $200,000 for general endowment, provided the college raises $300,000 before January 1, 1902. According to official information $150,000 has already been provided for.

Exclusive of the gifts made to the Bi Centennial Memorial Fund, which now amounts to more than $300,000, Yale has received over $145,000 since July 31, 1900. An anonymous gift of $96,000 for building a dispensary under the charge of the medical department has also been received. Harvard is reported, though not officially, to have received $735,000.

Other donations and bequests received by American colleges are as follows: Lafayette, $84,500; Princeton, $250,000; Pennsylvania, $540,000; Clark, $3,000,000; Dartmouth, $210,000; Western Reserve, $150,000; University of Michigan, $39,900; Ohio Wesleyan, $600,000; Union, $55,000, Columbia, $492,000; Allegheny, $170,000; American University, $130,000; De Pauw, $242,500; Dickinson, $51,500; and Wesleyan, $[illegible]

The Ride to Campmeetin'—By Frank L. Stanton



'TWUZ 'long about campmeetin' time, with preachin' high an' low.
An' seein' Sally wuz a-goin'—well, I 'lowed that *I* would go!
So I harnessed up ol' Betsy—a creetur' true an' tried—
An' headed fer campmeetin' with Sally by my side

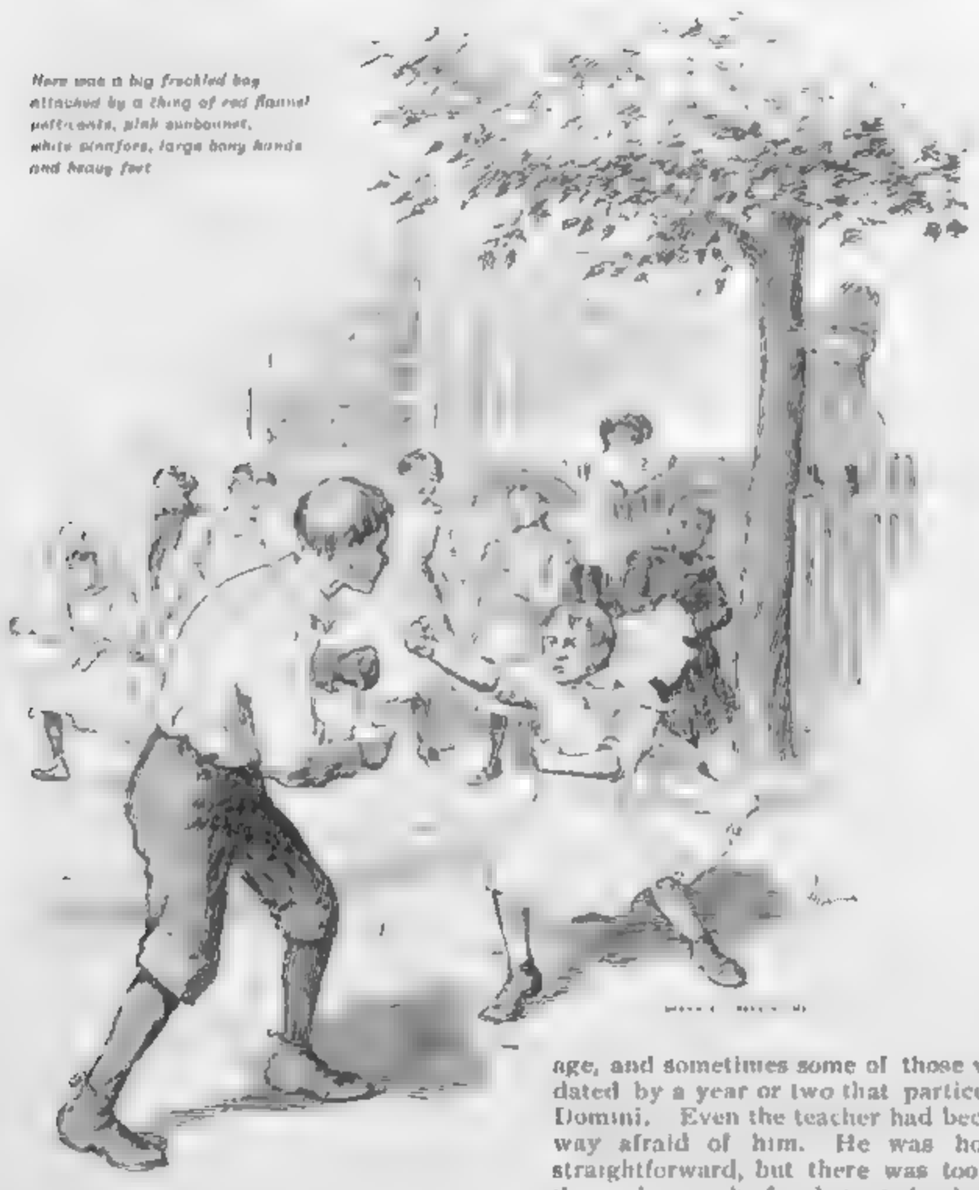
She never looked so sweet to me in any time or place:
The red rose wuz'n't a pictur' to the roses on her face!
An', stealin' sidelong glances, the thought that come wuz this:
"Them arms wuz fer a necklace, an' God made them lips to kiss!"

We rid past bloomin' medders, an' seen from left to right
"Sweet fel'ds arrayed in livin' green an' rivers of delight!"
But I jest had eyes fer *Sally*, an' said, with many a sigh:
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stan' an' cast a wishful eye'!"

An' Sally—she wuz listenin', an' I tol' her that the way
To that dear little heart o' hers seemed longer day by day;
An' she said—a-lookin' at me as cunnin' as you please:
"'Must you be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease'?"

That teached my heart a lesson, but I tol' her on the way
Single "I'd not live always, an' I asked not fer to stay!"
An' then she said she'd have me!—an' I shouted, full an' free:
"'Amazin' grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me'!"

When Lilian Sailed In—By Stanley Waterloo



Here was a big freckled boy attached by a thing of red flannel petticoats, pink sunbonnet, white stockings, large bony hands and heavy feet

MISS LUELLA BEESON rocked vigorously back and forth in her straight-backed, wooden rocking-chair. Her morning work was done. The large kitchen in which she sat, in her one story and a half brown cottage, was in exquisite order. The canary had been fed, the plants in the window had been watered, everything was spick, span and in place. Upon the long pine table was a red tablecloth, and set exactly in the centre was a big brass lamp, newly filled, cleansed and polished

Miss Beeson always set her lamp upon the table "between meals." It was her most treasured possession, whether lighted or not It represented both elegance and usefulness. The hour was half-past ten, and at eleven the table must be set for Miss Beeson's "Mealers;" railway men who were furnished dinners and suppers by the spinster—her sole but sufficient means of support being her own two hands.

The middle-aged single woman of severe but not discouraging aspect was thinking of her nephew and charge, John.

He was a boy, freckled and seven years old and the son of the widow of a railroad engineer. Each of his parents had belonged to the group undefined between the classes and the masses. His father had been the cleverest engineer on the Long Plains Railroad, a straightforward, strong man The engineer had been in good luck, he thought, when he met the cleverest girl, in his opinion, in all the towns on his railroad line. The two fell in love and were married, and they had two children, a girl and a boy, and the boy is the central figure of this true tale

John Markham, the father, had carefully taught John Markham, his son, to tell the truth always, to grow up strongly, and to fight for the weaklings. This was the father's working creed. The mother, later, had tried to follow up the teachings of the father to his boy.

When the engineer's daughter was eight years old and his son was six, the father was killed in a railway accident, and the widow, Mary Markham, had to support the children She had been obliged within a year to give up her home and leave John with her sister, Miss Beeson, while she herself took her little daughter with her to another city, where she had been offered work. As for the boy, John—well, he inherited some of his mother's sweetness, and all of his father's militant strength of character. He had learned rapidly at a little private school, and had also licked every boy in that school of his own age, and sometimes some of those who antedated by a year or two that particular Anno Domini. Even the teacher had become half way afraid of him. He was honest and straightforward, but there was too much of the rude, rough, far-distant Anglo-Saxon in him. When there was a difference, he wanted to fight. All this Miss Beeson had heard of John in the days before upon her had been thrown responsibility for his character and conduct. The tales of school squabbles and neighborhood ructions in which John figured had been listened to by the maiden lady with that tranquil serenity with which the world at large hears of other people's troubles. Now all was changed. Miss Beeson's voice rang out at church on a Sunday with new and piercing earnestness, when the congregation joined in singing

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand, an awful time."

The spinster, stern, nervously conscientious, and loving withal, was confused in mind over the course she should follow regarding her sister's son. She was of a simple nature. She had passed most of her life on a farm in southern Illinois, and the ways of the great city, in whose struggling outskirts she now lived, were new and unmeaning to her.

"I wish I'd taken the girl," she thought, as she glanced at the clothes rack near the door, where the sunlight fell upon the recently washed and ironed garments of John's sister, Lilian. These were outworn summer clothes, which Mrs. Markham had left to be given away, and Miss Beeson had carefully mended, washed and starched each article of little girl's raiment prior to any further dealings with them.

Just then a wild clamor was borne upon the morning air, and over the back fence came tumbling a vision of kicking, clutching legs and arms, while from a red, boyish face came yells so frantic as to be fairly seen as well as heard. Miss Beeson hastened across the yard

Over the fence boards appeared the head, shoulders and arms of a stout, broad-faced woman, and in her hands she firmly held, half way between the top of the fence and the ground, the wriggling John, with his short dark head ineffectually beating against the boards. Another youngster was yelling in the alley.

"Oh! Aunt Luella!" shrieked John "Make 'er lemme go!"

As soon as Miss Beeson spoke the Amazon gave the boy a parting shake and dropped him upon the ground. John shot past his aunt into the house and made for his room

"Your boy he too much all time want to fight" said the neighbor

"I know it," admitted the spinster ruefully. "But what shall I do, Mrs. Allenmeister?"

"I think it's better when you send him to school, already" counseled the good-humored matron

"But he is always in trouble at school," said Miss Beeson

"Aber," said the neighbor, "in the public school he finds out somebody that can lick him, and then it is also all right."

This idea, though somewhat captivating to Miss Beeson, was not altogether satisfactory She said nothing, but shook her head and walked meditatively toward the house

"Talk about some hens hatching out some ducks," Mrs. Allenmeister, the mother of seven children, commented to herself, as she returned to her own dominions across the alley from Miss Beeson's kitchen garden.

Miss Beeson began to clear the decks for the cooking of the midday meal. As she set to one side the clothes frame on which the girl's pink and blue gowns were spread out a new thought struck her. She sat down for a minute in her rocking-chair and fairly gasped, with such force did the idea burst upon her brain. It was not new, exactly long and long ago in the far-away district school she had noted the effect of tying a sunbonnet upon a boy's head, and condemning him to "sit with the girls," as punishment for some boyish prank

"I'll dress him in girl's clothes and then he can't fight," she thought. "I'll send him to the public school, and I'll make him promise not to tell he's a boy. A week of that kind of punishment will straighten him out. He'll be as meek as Moses." And she smiled grimly and began to rattle the pots and pans and clatter with the dishes

John, at these cheerful sounds, descended the low stairs, and began to hang about the kitchen after the manner of hungry boys.

He was awed by the unexpected tactics of the spinster. She cut from the well-browned loaf a thick, wide, long slice of bread, spread it generously with butter, then sprinkled it plentifully with sugar, and gave it to him, spreading a newspaper under and around the chair she bade him sit in

John ate the unexpected offering without much ado, and then, looking up for more, he encountered his aunt's eyes looking at him over the stove where she was at work, with an expression so piercing, so determined and grave, that he needed all of his resolution to keep from bursting into a howl and running away

"John," said Miss Beeson, pointing at him with the iron basting-spoon still hot from the oven, "I am going to send you to school, and I am going to dress you in Lilian's clothes, and you shall act like a girl. You won't fight then, you'll study hard and not disgrace us. Not a word, John! Not a word yet! I want you to promise me on your word of honor—remembering what your father taught you—that you will not let anybody know you are not a girl for a whole week."

"Oh, Aunt Luella!" gasped the stricken boy. The sky had been somewhat clouded, but this thunderbolt was nevertheless unexpected.

"Not one word of complaint, John; I've made up my mind, and you might as well settle yours!"

After dinner her project was again brought up by Miss Beeson, and announced with renewed emphasis and firmness. The boy hesitated long. At last, with flushed cheeks, fingers clinched, his little chest heaving, he, the best fighter among the little boys, gave up, and promised to become a girl and lie low. Borne down by his aunt's vigorous talk, and by thoughts of his father and mother he gave his word to be silent under the ordeal prepared for him

"All right, Aunt Luella," he broke out tearfully and bravely; "I'll do it—but I hate to, awfully!"

Then, as ever heretofore, John spoke the truth.

Monday morning came. It was a fresh yet warm September morning. Snail-footed youngsters crept schoolward, loth to be immured within walls on such a day. In Miss Bennett's schoolroom a few children of the more ambitious minds were gathered, quietly awaiting the nine o'clock bell. The teacher, already at her desk, looked across the schoolroom as she became, somehow, aware that the eyes of her pupils were turned that way.

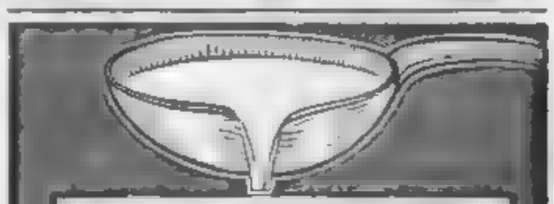
Framed in the doorway stood two figures, a woman, holding by the hand a little girl. The woman, meeting Miss Bennett's eyes came into the room and walked with long

Add to the enjoyment of the salad, cheese or dessert with

Bremner's Butter Wafers

Delightful, thin, creamy, flaky little biscuit, slightly savoring of salt. The touch that adds completeness to the dainty meal.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



On Jellies

Preserves and pickles, spread a thin coating of refined

PARAFFINE WAX

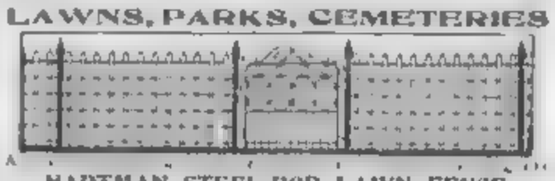
Will keep them absolutely moisture and acid proof Paraffine Wax is also useful in a hundred other ways about the house Full directions in each pound package. *Sold everywhere.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

PHARMACY Teaching and Reciting BY MAIL

A complete Pharmaceutical Education; prepares for registered Pharmacist or advanced standing in resident colleges. Degrees granted. Best course Use spare hours. Begin now. Write today for catalog and full particulars. National Correspondence School of Pharmacy 11 N Penn St. Indianapolis, U. S. A.

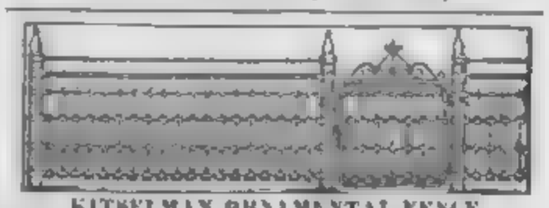
LAWNS, PARKS, CEMETERIES



HARTMAN STEEL-ROD LAWN FENCE

Strong, serviceable and satisfactory. Catalogue mailed free

Hartman Mfg. Company, Box 185, Ellwood City, Pa. Or Room 101, 50 Broadway, New York City



KITSELMAN ORNAMENTAL FENCE

Excels in strength, beauty and durability Made of steel and iron Cheaper than wood. 50 Designs. Catalog free.

KITSELMAN BROTHERS, Box 0-109, Muncie, Ind

EASTMAN'S
WD
Platinum
Paper

Not only "like platinum" but *"is Platinum"*

Prints quickly; develops in hot water and clears in acid and water. Rich and brilliant in its effects.

Simplest *for the* Amateur

For sale by all dealers

Sample print by mail for three two-cent stamps. Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, New York

Photographers Everywhere

Recognize that it is the quality of the sensitive coating, whether on glass or film, that determines the results, and the fact that leading professional Photographers throughout the United States and abroad prefer and endorse

Hammer Dry Plates

Proves that the Hammer Plate is coated with an emulsion of superior quality.

The Hammer Plate is absolutely reliable, clear and crisp, yet retaining all details of good latitude and uniform speed.

SENT FREE—Hammer's little book, "A Short Talk on Negative Making." It contains helpful hints on developing; also formulas and useful tables. Invaluable to those interested in the fascinating art of photography. Address

HAMMER DRY PLATE CO.
3500 Ohio Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

The Hammer "SPECIAL" is the fastest plate made.

INCREASE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

We are preparing thousands in all parts of the world, in their spare time, to increase their incomes and opportunities. Our method of teaching technical subjects BY MAIL enables our students to earn good salaries while learning Civil, Mechanical or Electrical Engineering or Architecture. Our booklet—

SALARIED POSITIONS for Learners

explains our plan. We also teach by mail Steam Engineering; Drawing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Teaching; Stenography; Book-Keeping; English Branches. State subject in which interested.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Schools open all summer. Box 1121, Scranton, Pa.

A COLLEGE IN YOUR COTTAGE

Law, Illustrating, Newspaper Sketching, Pharmacy, Medical Branches, Journalism

Thoroughly taught by our new, clear, concise system of correspondence instruction—

Teaching and Reciting by Mail

Foremost professional correspondence schools. Long experience; ample means. ENROLL NOW. Write today for Catalogue of course desired.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
11 E. Penn. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

YOUR SHOES WILL always look neat and clean if you use

Dykes' Shoe Polisher

Our polisher is new, novel and practically indestructible—better than a brush and costs less. Send 30 cents for postage and handling and get the brush practically free as it advertises Dykes' Rubber Heel. Your dealer has DYKES' RUBBER HEEL; if not send us outline of heel and 35 cents for a pair.

JOHN L. G. DYKES CO., Dept. F, 96-5th Ave., Chicago

steps toward the desk of authority, dragging her unwilling charge at an arm's length as she advanced.

A tall, angular frame, of the build known as "slab-sided," clothed in blue cotton and crowned by a slatted gingham sunbonnet, at once proclaimed the newcomer to be a country product of strictly American genesis. To leave nothing to be guessed at, the woman spoke in a rather sweet, drawling voice.

"I am Miss Luella Beeson," she announced, "and I take care of this here child. Her mother has to be away at her work and I'm bound to send the child to school."

"What is her name?" asked the teacher, trying in vain to get a glimpse of the face hidden in drooping sunbonnet number two, worn by the small bit of humanity about to join her flock.

"Her name is Lilian," came the prompt answer. "Lilian Markham, aged seven years, and lives at 422 Kaskaskia Street."

Then the big sunbonnet came close to Miss Bennett's ear, and a whispered conference took place between the teacher and her visitor.

The child, held fast by the bony hand of its guardian, shrunk within itself, with hanging head and awkward, spreading feet.

Lilian's pink gown, surely of last year's make, and very short, was as stiff as starch could make it, and over it was worn a white apron still more unyielding and boardlike than the gown. Snow-white stockings inclosed her thin legs, and these disappeared into rusty shoes of a size nothing short of gigantic in proportion to the dimensions of their owner. As the two women talked Lilian's sunbonnet drooped more and more. It seemed as if Lilian's bones of the neck had suffered dislocation, so limply hung her head upon her starched little pinafore.

Miss Bennett's face was a study to the curious children who swarmed around her desk. She looked as if she wanted to laugh, but didn't quite dare to laugh, either, and it may as well be said that her appearance indicated her feelings with exactness. While Miss Luella Beeson stood near her Miss Bennett felt that a laugh would be out of place. As long as the forlorn sunbonnet bowed before her in such meek submission she could not laugh.

The school-bell rang. The conference in Room No. 11 came to an end. Miss Beeson loosed her hold of Lilian's hand, sat the child down firmly upon a front seat near the teacher's little platform, and strode manfully from the room.

When school began, girls and boys alike looked askance at Lilian's short hair. The girls tossed their beribboned braids and sniffed the air. When the noon recess came the girls formed in a ring to play London Bridge is Falling Down, but Lilian stood sulkily alone, neither joining nor invited to join in the game, and looked longingly over to the boys' side. What thoughts passed through the child's mind, what desperate emotions, who can tell? Talk about isolation, humiliation, degradation; here were all combined. But he musn't cry—that the little fellow resolved upon.

The playground for the youngsters, who spent but little time in it each day, was separated into two parts by a stone coping or ledge, about a foot high, which ran from the street to the schoolhouse. On one side were the little girls, upon the other the little boys.

Lilian was necessarily upon the girls' side of the ledge but took no interest in their vivacious, but to him unaccustomed, games. The strain upon the child was growing harder. He had been taught from the time he could talk never to tell a lie and the blood of a truth-teller was in him. He had promised to keep his word and not tell he was a boy, and he tried in his childish, boyish way to do it. He had come out with the girls, with them but not of them. He drifted over toward the ledge and then came back, uncomfortable in his skirts, to where the girls were grouped. The little boys were playing ball in a bungling, uninformed way, but with much vigor, and there was a lively contest. There came a moment when the ball and club came into impact with that slightness which produces what is called a "foul" in the vernacular of baseball grounds, and flicked far backward over the little stone ledge which separated the playground of the boys from the playground of the girls. It was a hard-hit ball. Something going, as they say, "like lightning," and it went almost directly toward the girl group, from which shot upward a girlish figure. There were hands upstretched and the ball was caught, greedily, ere it touched the ground, and hurled back to the boy players on the other side.

The girls stood looking at Lilian silently. This was something they could not understand—a girl who could catch a ball batted so fiercely, and throw it back so strongly into the midst of rough boys. Some said "Tom-boy" and sidled away, and Lilian stood there alone, looking like nothing else in the world. The boy's heart swelled, his whole being was as if immersed in misery. He remained dumb by great exercise of self-mastery, but he had a brooding look.

There was danger in the air that afternoon when the children came out into their playground for the usual fifteen minutes' recess. Lilian walked sulkily along with the girls, and took his stand near the boundary of the girls' side. The boys, led by Larry O'Brien, looked at him mockingly and began to chant:

"Ticky, Ticky, Tom-boy!
Half girl, half boy!"

Poor Lilian could not endure it, and slunk miserably away to a corner by himself, and sat down on the farthest end of the dividing ledge. The enemy followed him.

Larry O'Brien, the archangel of the fighting group among the smaller pupils, came up and jeered at Lilian, who was now standing helplessly on the white-gray ledge. Larry called him names, exhibiting quite a degree of skill in his oratory, and made such new allusions to the quality of a boy-girl that the blood pumped by Johnny's heart seemed going mostly into his face. It became flaming. Every situation has its climacteric. It came swiftly in this case. With that unconscious little ruffian making fun of him he forgot everything else. The last straw had been laid on the little camel's back. He could endure it no longer. His face took on the look of the rage of boyhood. He leaped like a young catamount from the stone ledge fairly into the midst of the group of bullying boyhood, and upon their leader, Larry. Here was a big freckled boy attacked by a thing of red flannel petticoats, pink sunbonnet, white pinafore, large bony hands and heavy feet. It was an awful thing, to the girls on one side of the ledge and to the boys on the other side. Here was a girl attacking physically the bully of their schoolroom. It was dreadful! The boys slunk away wonderingly from this strange single combat and looked upon it in a half-formed ring. Larry fought well, this must be confessed. But he was weakened himself by his own imaginings. How could this girl be such a very devil? She hit where she wanted to, and she hit hard. His deadly enemy, Johnny Smith, who was a good boxer, could find while they were fighting that particular spot of the stomach which is called the "mark," and which when suddenly thrust into benumbs the wearer of that particular stomach, but this leaping, dancing, iron-fisted fighter in petticoats was far and away ahead of Johnny Smith in jolting strength and vigor.

All in sight had gasped for breath when Lilian began the fray, and all stood bewildered while the fight was on. They sell what they call "pin-wheels," very pretty, on the eve of the Fourth of July; but as a spectacular affair they are not up to what happened when Lilian "sailed in." In Lilian's performance there was iridescence to burn. I have conversed with one of the most careful and conscientious of the youthful spectators, and he can't tell whether what he saw was the competing fringes of a scarlet petticoat, or the whisk of hair cut short as becomes a black-haired boy. He only knows the other fellow was licked.

Larry O'Brien and all the rest of the small human beings of Room 11 had learned something. They knew that Lilian was a boy for sure, and Lilian was wondering how he should explain matters to his aunt. "One thing is sure," he thought; "I never told. Not one word!"

When school ended that day the teacher handed a note to a defiant little figure clothed in a pink frock and the remnants of a white pinafore. The letter ran thus:

To Miss Luella Beeson, No. 422 Kaskaskia Street, City.

Dear Madam: I think John has been punished enough, and I suggest that you send him to school dressed in his own clothes hereafter. I will give him special attention while he is in the schoolroom. Outside, he is amply able to take care of himself.

Very sincerely yours,
Anna Bennett,
Teacher Seventh Street School.

And so "Lilian" fought at once for glory and for dissolution, but not for oblivion, for the day when Lilian "sailed in" has not yet perished from the memory of any one who had part in the dire proceedings.

Ordered by War Department for the Signal Corps.

GENEVA SUPERIOR Binocular

$15

Our handsome book "The Near Distance" sent free on request. *Write for it.*

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equaled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Small enough for the pocket, handy for the theatre. Ideal for bird-study. Ask your dealer for it. If he has none in stock, send us $15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense). We will refund your money. Send for *free* book.

GENEVA OPTICAL COMPANY
36 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

KODAK

quality and Kodak film quality have made the Kodak way the sure way in picture taking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

As Clean as Home-made Bread

SEN-SEN GUM

TRADE MARK

PHOTOGRAPHY

Crayon, Pastel, Water Color, Miniatures and Illustrating Taught by Mail

Comprehensive professional and amateur instruction. Tuition fees reduced by products of student's skill. A fertile field for woman's effort. Full particulars upon request to the

American School of Art and Photography
Incorporated Box 1004, Scranton, Pa.

10 PER CENT. TO 50 PER CENT. SAVED ON ALL MAKES OF CAMERAS

Headquarters for Buying, Selling and Exchanging Cameras or Lenses. Photographic Supplies of every description. The bargains we offer will surprise you. JUST OUT! New 68-page illus. catalogue and bargain list mailed free. Dept. S.

New York Camera Exchange, 114 Fulton St., New York

10 MARVELOUS CARD TRICKS 20c

6 Sets for $1.00. SELL 5 AND GET YOUR OWN FREE.
IMPERIAL NOVELTY CO., 6749 Elizabeth St., Chicago, Ills.

TELEGRAPHY

Taught thoroughly. Total Cost, Tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6-months' course, $82. Can be reduced one-half; great demand for operators; school organized 1874. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, Valparaiso, Ind.

Eating With Eyes

The food value of an article is not dependent upon its color. You don't eat with your eyes. Common white flour looks nice, but it has a comparatively low percentage of the food value which is contained in good, sound wheat. Much of the nutritious part of the wheat berry cannot be made white in flour.

Franklin Mills FLOUR

A Fine Flour of the Entire Wheat

is golden brown, made so by the retention of all the food properties of the best wheat. It has several times the strength and tissue-building qualities of white flour.

"ALL THE WHEAT THAT'S FIT TO EAT"

If your grocer does not have it send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet Free for the asking
The genuine made only by
THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

B. ELDREDGE AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.

Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
BELVIDERE, ILL.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

A Triple Motion
White Mountain FREEZER

in the house will enable you to serve your guests delightful frozen refreshments at less than one-half the confectioner's charge. Can you make money faster? **"Frozen Dainties" Free,** containing 50 choice recipes.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. B, Nashua, N. H.

Ohio Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner on any kind of stove; makes summer cooking a pleasure; has steam whistle; GREAT SAVING IN FUEL, PROVISION AND LABOR. No interchange of odors or tastes in the food. Copper bottom and sides, a feature not in other Cookers. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent FREE of charge.
Special Offer to Good Agents
OHIO STEAM COOKER CO., 56 Ontario Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

The Ideal Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas or common cook stove.

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. We quote special prices on coppered nickel-plated cookers, guarantee satisfaction and *prepay express*. Send for illustrated catalogue. Agents Wanted.
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio

THE "ARTISTIC" PENCIL POINTER Cuddles your knife and quickly produces a beautifully tapered point. Made of hardened steel highly polished. Sample 15c, two for 25c. Agents wanted.
E. L. Rebbitt, 803 W. Lincoln Av., Belvidere, Ill.

Men & Women of the Hour

Madame Eames' Diplomacy

Many think that musical artists should present their services for concerts given for charitable objects.

Madame Eames is also of this opinion, but she recently, in London, put the matter in a new light to those who invited her to appear gratuitously.

Madame Eames was one afternoon at Lord Charles Beresford's, and the next day received a letter from Lady Beresford saying that two ladies present had wanted to ask a favor, but in her presence had lost courage.

"But I am not afraid of you," wrote Lady Beresford, and proceeded to say that the ladies in question, who happened to be extremely wealthy, wished her to sing for nothing for a certain charity.

Madame Eames immediately sat down and wrote a reply. It was her duty, she said, to save herself as much as possible for her operatic performances at Covent Garden, which were stipulated by contract to be two days apart so that she might give her freshest and best to the public. She felt, however, greatly attracted toward the charity named, and would make only one condition regarding the donating of her services. She had received 300 guineas (about $1500) for singing at Mr. W. W. Astor's and about the same amount at other private concerts. She would gladly sing for nothing at the charity concert if each one of the ladies interested, who had so kindly asked her, would donate 300 guineas to the object for which the concert was to be given.

As yet no replies from "the ladies interested" have been received. But Lady Beresford, not being one of the "interested ladies," appreciates more fully the humor of the situation.

Mr. Clark on the Anxious Seat

Hardly any one ever hears the name of Representative "Champ" Clark, of Missouri, without wondering where he got it. Like the other good things of this world Mr. Clark possesses, he gave it to himself. His parents christened him James Beauchamp Clark; but Clark was a common surname in his part of the country, and James even commoner; so, as he cherished dreams of future glory, he knocked off the James Beau and became Champ Clark—easy to pronounce, easy to remember, and distinctive in sound. He was admitted to the bar as Champ, married as Champ, and elected as Champ. But every little while somebody who remembers him in early life, and is careful of the proprieties, resuscitates the Beauchamp or James Beauchamp, and then the air turns blue.

Few members of the House have earned their bread in so many ways as Clark before coming there. He has worked as a hired farm-hand, clerk in a crossroads store, editor of a country newspaper, president of a college and attorney at law. His fame as an orator preceded him to Washington, and a pretty fair specimen of it is his tribute to Mr. Thomas B. Reed, whom he admired immensely as Speaker, though on the opposite side of the House. "No company of soldiers in the regular army," said Mr. Clark, "was ever more thoroughly drilled than the Republican contingent under his grip. When he says, 'Thumbs up!' it's thumbs up; when he says, 'Thumbs down!' it's thumbs down. He can't teach them to conquer, for that is impossible to any man; but he does teach them to harass and bedevil us Democrats almost into apoplexy."

Mr. Clark has a right to speak for the Border States. He was born in Kentucky, spent a part of his younger manhood in West Virginia, and settled down for life in Missouri. He was only eleven years old when the Civil War broke out, so he could take no part in it himself; but he has lived so much among the veterans of both armies, and on the edge of battlefields, that his mind is full of what we might call the domestic history of the struggle. He hardly ever makes a speech without drawing some picturesque illustration from the war era of a generation ago.

Because he has not hesitated to criticise members of his own party when he disapproved of them, Mr. Clark has sometimes had his Democratic orthodoxy questioned. But he laughs at such talk, and says that it would be about as hard to shake him out of his party as it was for some serious-minded elders to shake him out of church. When he was a young man he was a famous dancer, but after joining the church he was warned that he must give up this amusement. One evening he was tempted beyond his strength, and surrendered himself to the delights of the hour, joining in every dance on the list, and taking out as a partner every pretty girl within reach. The church brethren were scandalized and summoned him before them.

After a long and solemn council the brethren decided that his name must be stricken from the roll of the church. Clark went away and took a place in the hindmost pew for the services of that day. His conduct there was most exemplary. He joined loudly in all the hymns; shouted his "amens" at the proper junctures in the other exercises; and when the preacher invited to the front those sinners who wished to join the church, up he marched and took the best place on the "anxious seat."

The brethren who had expelled him an hour before exchanged glances of consternation; but what could they do? There was nothing left but to admit him once more to membership, and let him try again.

Mr. Sousa as a Non-Conductor

Mr. Sousa, the March King, wears his uniform at all times and seasons. He compels his men to do likewise. The fact that he does so leads to experiences that are very laughable to him.

Mr. Sousa was standing in a large building in Philadelphia waiting for the elevator. A man came up to him rapidly and said: "What is the number of Mr. Blank's office?"

"I don't know," said the short man in the blue uniform.

"Well, isn't he in this building?" asked the man.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Sousa.

"Well, don't you know anything?" said the man. "If I knew any one here I would report you."

At which Mr. Sousa shouted with laughter, and the man, catching sight of the genuine elevator boy, saw he had somehow made a mistake.

Again, Mr. Sousa was standing in a railway station, on the platform, waiting for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and shouted: "Has the 9:03 train pulled out?"

"I really don't know," answered the man with the blue uniform.

"Well, why don't you know?" shouted the irate traveler. "What are you standing here for like a log of wood? Aren't you a conductor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sousa, "I am a conductor."

"A nice sort of conductor you are!" exclaimed the traveler.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Sousa, "I am not the conductor of a train; I am the conductor of a brass band."

An Unrecognized Genius

The announcement that Mr. Marshall Field will provide a large sum for building, on the Lake Front of Chicago, an adequate and permanent home for the museum which bears his name, calls renewed attention to the personality of the great "merchant prince" of the West. It is commonly believed that Mr. Field has never experienced anything but flattering recognition of his business genius, but according to a story which is related by some of the older citizens of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, there was one occasion on which the commercial gifts of the merchant king failed to make themselves apparent.

When Marshall Field was in his teens his father decided he would make a merchant of the boy, and took him to Pittsfield, where he was placed in the store of a family friend. The father returned to Conway, and several months passed before he again visited Pittsfield to learn what progress his son was making. The keeper of the store received the father of his apprentice very cordially, but hesitated for a moment when he was asked "How's the boy coming on?"

"Hate to say it," was the reply, "but I guess you might as well take him back with you. The fact is, I don't think he's cut out for a merchant!"

This anecdote is one of the chief traditions of Pittsfield, and is related with great relish by the men whose recollections cover the period of Mr. Field's boyhood apprenticeship.

Mr. Field is a plain, reticent man, without pretensions to any fads or special lines of philanthropic interest, and finds his chief recreation in the game of great affairs.

INEXPENSIVE CLEANLINESS

INSTANTLY IN
City, Country and Suburban Homes

THE HUMPHREY "CRESCENT" Instantaneous WATER HEATER

when once installed in your bathroom will prove a boon, a

Convenience and of Great Economy

The **Crescent** is made for use of either **gas** or **gasoline,** and provides the luxury of a hot bath **instantly.**

Heats Cold Water to any desired temperature in unlimited quantities in the shortest possible time at lowest cost. We will be glad to send you fullest particulars, on application, explaining its simple mechanical construction, together with price-list and illustrated book, **"How the Millions Have Bathed."** Address,

HUMPHREY MFG. & PLATING COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

ALL THE WAY FROM JAVA

comes the Kapok, from which we manufacture our celebrated

"Ezybed"

Kapok Resilient Mattress

It is a fine, light, silky fibre from the *Eriodendron Anfractuosum* tree. It makes the most hygienic mattress. Its natural properties repel all vermin. It is non-absorbent, which cannot be said of any other mattress. People suffering from rheumatism, aggravated by sleeping on a damp mattress, find relief by using the **"EZYBED" RESILIENT MATTRESS.** It does not lump nor pack down like cotton and makes a delightfully soft, dry mattress. We ship anywhere on **Thirty Days' Trial.** Sleep on one 30 nights and if not satisfactory return it to us free of all expense to you. Write for our free booklet, sent together with sample of Kapok, or send us 50 cents for mailing and we will send you prepaid a sofa or couch pillow 20 inches square.

THE BOHNERT-BRUNSMAN COMPANY
Dept. M, Cincinnati, Ohio

Painting a house with Patton's Sun Proof Paints is a permanent painting out of everything that can injure walls or roof.

Patton's SUN PROOF Paints

are made of best materials, machine mixed in exact proportions—guaranteed five years. Book of paint knowledge free on request.

PATTON PAINT CO., 231 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Spring Bed — IDEAL FOSTER'S — Spring Bed

Made for Wood or Metal Bedsteads

It is all that its trade-mark name implies for sleep and rest. Order one of your dealer for trial.

MONEY BACK IF DESIRED

Have never been asked to refund. Look for brass name-plate, "Ideal," on bed. Take no substitute. Illustrated booklet free. Address,

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 4 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Abdominal Supporters!

The kind that fit are the kind we make. Our name on Abdominal Supporters is a guarantee of perfect comfort. A trial will convince you—money back if not satisfied. Buy direct and get dealer's profit. Our 32-page illustrated catalogue showing different styles is free. Send for it. We own and occupy large six-story building and have been established 20 years.

HENRY SCHROEDER, 481-485 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago
Valuable booklet, interesting to persons troubled with Corpulency, sent free. Write to-day.

Come Here!

When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

To Any Boy

Who answers this notice

The Saturday Evening Post

Will send entirely *without charge* 10 copies of next week's issue of the magazine, to be sold at Five Cents each.

The **Fifty Cents** thus earned will provide capital with which to start business, after which a supply will be sent each week at the special wholesale price. Any boy can earn money each week in leisure hours and be independent.

In Addition

*to the profits earned, **$250.00** in money will be divided among those boys who in **August** increase their average weekly sale to fifteen copies.*

If you want to earn money each week and to receive a share of the $250

Send a postal and you will receive next week's supply of 10 copies, with full instructions, and a dainty little booklet containing photographs of some of our most successful boys, and letters from them telling in their own way how they did it.

Circulation Bureau
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Chicago Musical College

ESTABLISHED 1867 DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President
New COLLEGE BUILDING, 202 Michigan Boul., Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOL OF ACTING **MUSIC** Elocution Modern Languages

BOARD OF MUSICAL DIRECTORS:
Dr. F. Ziegfeld Hans Von Schiller Dr. Louis Falk
William Castle Bernhard Listemann S. E. Jacobsohn
Rudolph Ganz Charles Gauthier Herman Devries
Hart Conway, *Director School of Acting*

36th SEASON BEGINS SEPTEMBER 9

The Chicago Musical College is the largest and most complete school of its kind in America.
Has the strongest faculty ever assembled in a school of musical learning.
The College Building is the finest structure in existence devoted exclusively to a musical institution.
The system of instruction and arrangement of courses represent the outcome of thirty-five years of experience.
The terms of tuition are the lowest commensurate with the high grade of instruction.

New Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free

Note—Applications for the 37 free and 150 partial scholarships will be received until August 10.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship our wheels anywhere **on approval** *without a cent deposit* and allow 10 days free trial. You take absolutely **no risk** in ordering from us.

1901 MODELS best makes **$10 to $18**
'99 & '00 MODELS high grade **$7 to $12**

1000 SECOND-HAND WHEELS, all makes and models, good as new, **$3 to $8.** *Great factory clearing sale at half factory cost.*

Agents Wanted in every town. We furnish wheel and catalogs to distribute. You can make $10 to $30 a week as our Agent. Write at once for catalogs and **our Special Offer.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 117 K, Chicago

PERFECT SUSPENDERATION

GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS have absolutely indestructible buttonholes, and are perfect in all respects. If your dealer tries to make you buy imitations, send 50 cents for sample pair to

OSTHEIMER BROTHERS, 691 Broadway, New York City

"Publick Occurrences"

PEOPLE die faster in cities than in the country, yet in every part of the world people are flocking to the cities more and more every year. In New York there are, on the general average, fourteen persons in each dwelling-house, while the proportion of population to the square mile for the United States is only about twenty-two. There are tenements in that city that contain more men, women and children than an ordinary town which calls itself a city. Other centres are not so crowded, but the jam is increasing constantly, and in some instances where little houses are spread over a large area the conditions are worse, because the health officers reach them less effectively than if they were congregated in larger structures.

Add to all this thronging, all this congestion, the bald, fateful fact that nine out of ten of the people have taken little or no interest in sanitation, and have been disposed to resent the advice and visits of the health authorities.

But now the health department is in most cities considered a vital and necessary branch of municipal government, second in importance to none other.

Its modern development has taken place within the past quarter of a century, and its finest growth within the past decade. Coming closer, the past five years have been notable in achievements. What is the result of all this? Simply that in the half century the average of human life in this country has been lengthened about three years.

Multiply our 75,000,000 population by three and you get a gain of 225,000,000 years. Well, figure out the rest for yourself. If you put it in dollars even Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan would seem poor.

How Lives are Saved

It has been the keeping of the little white hearse in the stable more than it used to stay there that has done more than anything else to bring up the average of life. "Save the children!" is the cry of modern humanity and of the modern health department.

Here is an illustration—one of many which could be cited: Last summer the Health Department of Rochester, New York—we take one of the cities of the second class so as to make the illustration the more impressive—established in the most crowded parts of the city five stations where the purest milk could be obtained for infants, each station being in charge of a trained nurse. Doctor Goler, the Health Commissioner, states that a thousand lives were saved.

In New York City a generous merchant has been supplying pure milk to the poor for several years, and in every instance the mortality in the sections where the stations were located was lowered.

"There is nothing so cheap as human life" has long been the declaration of the pessimist, and many good people have accepted it, if not entirely at least in part. If a machine is broken, they say, it takes money to repair or to replace it, and the lost time of the machine is valuable; but if a workman is maimed or killed there is another workman ready to step into his place and the mill grinds on.

But this is not the enlightened or the true view: it is not the modern creed. Every child born has its financial weight. We estimate every immigrant to be worth $1000 to the country, and surely our own babies are as valuable. The duty, then, as well as the problem, is not only to save the life of the tot but to bring it up under such conditions and with such encouragements and protection as will enable it to get a strong hold on life and to become one of the country's wage earners and wealth builders.

The Importance of Milk

In all this milk plays a leading part, and milk is very much like the little nursery girl who was good when she was good and horrid when she was bad. In Baltimore, a few years ago, the Health Department suddenly ordered inspectors to investigate the milk supply, and for a day or two the sewers ran white. The details were sickening, and yet the people had been drinking the impurities for years. Almost every city has had an experience of a similar sort, and even now no city in the country gives sufficient attention to its milk supply.

Just what the inspection of milk and the watching of milk dealers means is instructively shown in a recent incident in Buffalo. Health Commissioner Wende invented a system by which he was able to trace promptly the source of bad or infected milk. Six cases of scarlet fever broke out in one section of the city. The system was put into operation, and in a few hours the cause of the disease was located in a certain milk peddler's wagon, and the source of contagion was at once cut off.

If the large centres of population could have no milk except pure milk served thousands of lives would be saved or prolonged.

The Rush for Fresh Air

But even children cannot live by milk alone. There must be other things, pure water and fresh air among them. Of all the great cities of the United States, Philadelphia has the worst water, and the result is that its people run constant risks of typhoid and other diseases.

Other cities are doing better, and there is no doubt that, taken together, the water supplies of the cities are being improved. Even Philadelphia is spending millions for filtration plants to separate the solid ingredients of the Schuylkill River from the fluid.

But the great thing in summer philanthropy is fresh air. First come the public parks. There are 159 cities in this country that have over 25,000 inhabitants. Of these 122 have public parks. In some parks are fine playhouses for children, erected at a cost of thousands of dollars; in one or more there are nurseries where babies may be kept.

Then we begin to count the various enterprises outside the park systems and the list is almost endless. Several cities have floating hospitals; others have chartered boats; others give the use of their ice boats for free summer excursions, the expenses in almost every instance being borne by public contributions and gifts of supplies. The assiduous care to keep infection from these heterogeneous crowds, the demand for tickets, the happiness of the mothers and children taken from the darkness and foulness of alleys and by-streets into the beauty and freshness of the open air, make a story that beggars words.

The pity is that after centuries of civilization such things should be necessary, and a worse pity yet is that it seems to be growing more necessary as the world progresses.

In every part of the country are summer homes for the poor women and children. With scarcely an exception they are filled, and the applications are far beyond the accommodations.

You who skip away on the first warm wave seldom pause to think that for every person who can escape from a big city in summer four or five have to remain, and that out of this proportion there are literally thousands in every city who cannot afford to pay twenty-five cents for a day's excursion.

From that fact has arisen a most excellent form of summer philanthropy—the sending of the poor, especially the children, to the country or the seashore. There are various associations for this sort of work, and in many cases the members—including women of wealth and culture—take turns in accompanying their guests and in providing for their wants.

Two Great Health Problems

In this age of problems it is hard to discriminate, but there are two upon which all may agree. Just now they lead.

The first is in regard to consumption. Some one has said that it has "killed more people than all the wars and plagues and scourges of history put together." Doctor Biggs, the New York expert, declares that of every four New Yorkers who die between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five one dies of consumption, that there are 20,000 cases in that city constantly, and that the deaths last year numbered more than 9000. According to a New York newspaper, one specialist asserts that of this country's population 10,000,000 "must inevitably expect to die of consumption."

The other problem is to get the small cities of the United States to awake to the importance of sanitation. Nearly all of them do nothing until threatened by an epidemic, and then the zeal is only temporary. To arouse these communities to the importance of constant watchfulness and of preventive measures will be to increase the average of life for the whole nation.

We have been dazzled by the outburst of wealth in the new century, but these strivings for health are worth all the dollars that have passed through Wall Street.

Photo from life. Copyrighted by Tennessee Natives.

Lucky Dog

THE ABOVE cut gives but a very inadequate idea of this beautiful picture of a lovely girl caressing her favorite puppy; but, when reproduced on genuine platinotype paper, retains a softness of light and shade that appears life-like.

We offer the above reproduction, 7 x 9 inches, suitably mounted and securely packed, sent prepaid, for $1.00. The same, hand-colored, $2.00. Either of the above suitably framed, $1.00 additional.

Complete Catalogue of Beacon Hill Prints, 5 Cents

Celebrity Photo and Art Co., 256 Boylston Street, Boston

Learn to write "Ads."

Our employed graduates are making good salaries. More than they ever commanded in other positions. Taught thoroughly by mail. Ad. writing is not genius, but an easily acquired business.

Literature on request. **Page-Davis Advertising School**
Suite 18, 167 Adams St., Chicago

The University Preparatory School Ithaca N.Y.

Prepares for all courses of Cornell University. Certificate has been accepted since 1885. Boarding and Day Departments. Complete Home. Regent's Certificates in Law and Medicine. Summer Term from July 16 to Sept. 15. Fall Term opens Sept. 26 for year 1901-02.

Of the school, President Schurman says: "I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory school for the University."

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Headmaster, Avenue E, Ithaca, N. Y.

A Perfect Form

Send for the "Standard Chart of Physical Culture." Hang it on the wall of your bedchamber. It shows by carefully prepared illustrations and instructions how to develop your body to the ideal of perfection. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or silver. State sex.

5th Ave. School of Physical Culture
Dept. L, 114 Fifth Ave., New York

LEARN TO BE AN AD WRITER

From the most successful ad. writers of Chicago's great stores. Men or women eligible. Three months' course. Prospectus on application.

Chicago Correspondence College of Advertising
Suite F, 613 Isabella Building
CHICAGO

The Annapolis, West Point and Military School Hand Book

Congressman Nevin, of Ohio, says: "This work has given me some information I have been seeking ever since I was elected to Congress and have been unable to obtain until your book came to hand." Applicants for appointments will find all necessary information in this book. Price, postpaid—boards 50 cents, cloth 75 cents. **ROYAL PUBLISHING CO., 444 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.**

Utica, N.Y. **Conservatory of Music**

EDWARD E. FLECK and ROBERT J. HUGHES, Directors

Music in all its branches, Elocution, Languages, English Literature, Drawing, Painting, Physical Culture, Dancing, etc. Faculty of distinguished specialists. **Unsurpassed advantages for Year Courses.** Send for new catalogue. Address

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Utica, N. Y.

CLOSE TO CORNELL Situated on grounds adjoining those of Cornell, the atmosphere of university life pervades and influences the surroundings at

Cascadilla School

Limit number of pupils is small. For catalog address
C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Principal, Ithaca, N.Y.

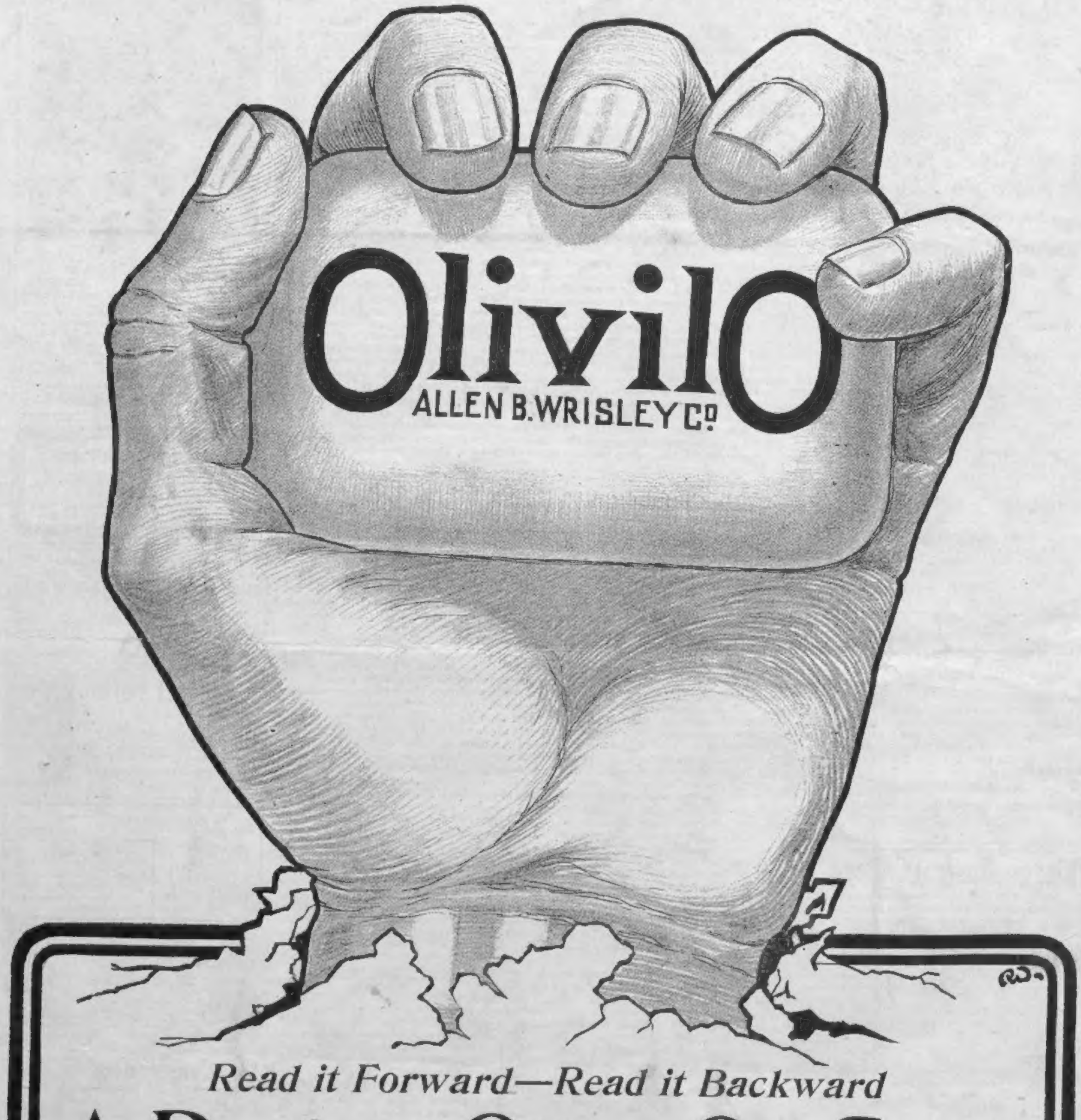
MONTCLAIR Military Academy

We prepare for any college, government academy or business. Small classes. Large gymnasium. Healthful location. Address for catalogue:

JOHN G. MacVICAR, A. M., 7 Walden Place, Montclair, New Jersey

Young Men Wanted to Learn Telegraphy **Railroad Accounting, etc. Connected with Railroads.** All graduates placed in positions. Write for Catalogue.

MORSE SCHOOL OF TEL., Shelbyville, Ky., or Oshkosh, Wis.



Read it Forward—Read it Backward

A Perfect Olive Oil Soap

UNUSUAL IN NAME AND NATURE

ALLEN B. WRISLEY CO.
CHICAGO

10 Cents a Cake